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FRANK RICH: TOM WOLFE'S NEOCON NOVEL • HENDRIK HERTZBERG: THE G.O.P. FOLLIES

THE NEW REPUBLIC

MORTON KONDRACKE: ...TICS, MORALITY, ...AND IMMIGRATION

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The Hollywood Primary

How the stars get to pick the president, by Ronald Brownstein

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FROM WASHINGTON

Rules Of The Game

What do they know that we don't know? That is the question liberals are quite rightly asking about the Reagan administration's nomination of 41-year-old Douglas Ginsburg for the Supreme Court. Ginsburg is a "conservative," but his brief career and skimpy writings establish nothing more than a commitment to free market economics. There are hints he may be a libertarian on social issues as well. But nothing is really known, at least publicly, about his views on privacy, civil rights, criminal law. More important, nothing is known of his views on the role of the Constitution in sorting out these issues—whether the 14th Amendment guarantees a right to abortion or forbids affirmative action, when precedents should be respected or overturned, the meaning of (drumroll, please) original intent.

Liberals are searching for skeletons in Ginsburg's closet, but this isn't a game. If the administration has actually nominated somebody unobjectionable, there's no need to object. There is much talk of an alleged "ultimate irony" in the works, an Earl Warren-type surprise that will infuriate conservatives for decades. Nevertheless, it's hard to believe the administration, smarting from the Bork defeat, is really so disorganized that it would install a closet liberal on the Court.

The central anomaly of the failed campaign for confirmation of Robert Bork was the attempt to present Bork as a man who wouldn't do precisely what Ronald Reagan has spent his political career demanding be done on the Supreme Court. In the end, Bork was defeated for the same reason he was nominated: his views on the great constitutional issues of our day. Ginsburg may make a more convincing moderate, but the question remains: Why would Reagan nominate a moderate?

White House domestic policy adviser Gary Bauer calls Ginsburg's nomination "a great day for the president and for the country." Bauer couldn't care less about antitrust policy. On the other hand, he's an unapologetic believer in a strong governmental role in enforcing conservative social values. (For example, he supports anti-sodomy laws because homosexuality is "an abomination" about which "society cannot afford to be neutral.") Why isn't Bauer alarmed by Ginsburg's widely touted libertarian streak?

Washington lawyer Michael Horowitz, who worked with Ginsburg at the Office of Management and Budget, says he'll bet his house that Ginsburg won't vote to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, the notorious abortion decision. And yet the National Right to Life Committee has endorsed Ginsburg, having been assured by the White House, apparently convincingly, that Ginsburg is "solid across the board." On what basis? Who's kidding whom here?

Ginsburg's lack of a "paper trail" makes the new post-Bork rules of the game even more important than in the case of Ginsburg's failed predecessor. The most important new rule is that a Supreme Court nominee cannot decline to answer questions, or fudge his answers, about major constitutional questions. No case can be made that Ginsburg is a brilliant constitutional scholar, apart from his specific views, because (unlike Bork) he has never written word one about the Constitution. In exercising its constitutional duty of advice and consent, the Senate has no obligation to buy a pig in a poke.

Generalities should not suffice. The nominee no doubt will express his devotion to the principle of civil rights and the value of privacy. What's more, he probably will mean it. That doesn't tell us what he gleans from the Constitution about affirmative action and censorship. It is unfair to accuse liberals of trying to "politicize" the Court by demanding specifics on these issues. Conservatives are just as passionately specific about them. Unless conservatives really do know something about Ginsburg that liberals don't, they should be just as eager to hear his views under oath.

For example, did he or did he not—as his first wife recalled in a *New York Times* interview, then recanted the next day—recommend a "D&C" (i.e., an abortion)

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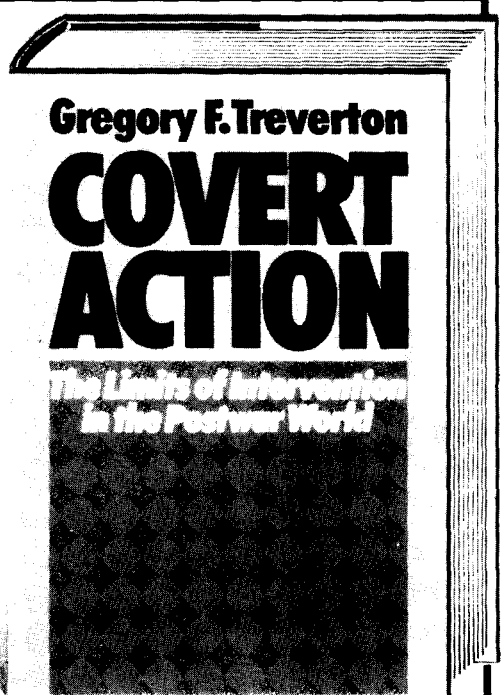

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CORRESPONDENCE

'BELOVED' AUNT MEDEA

To the editors:

I wasn't aware that it's become critically fashionable to trash slavery, oppression, suffering, and the Holocaust all in the same breath as boring pulp entertainment. Stanley Crouch's review of Toni Morrison's novel *Beloved* ("Aunt Medea," October 19) must be the precursor of a new trend. But slavery is not a "ratings contest," the Holocaust is not a plot formula, race is not "an industry," blackness in America is not quantifiable, in terms of suffering or anything else, and *Beloved* (Morrison's fifth, not fourth, novel) is not "a melodrama lashed to the structural conceits of the miniseries." What is amazing is how blatant—and blasé—his racism and sexism are, as though he is some literary evangelist come to save Literate America from the hypocrisy of base-intentioned, cowardly, neurasthenic black female writers like Morrison. "But why should she try to achieve anything?" he huffs. "The position of literary conjure woman has paid off quite well." The only quoted section with a woman in it that earns praise? "Morrison is best at clear, simple description" (how patronizing can one get?), followed by a description of Sethe—what else—making bread.

JEANNE FINLEY
Albany, New York

To the editors:

Stanley Crouch's review of Toni Morrison's *Beloved* is an example of the degree to which certain black male writers are threatened by and jealous of black feminists. He trivializes the pain and history of exploitation in black women's lives when he ridicules writers like Morrison and Alice Walker for exposing those experiences. His caricature of Walker is an old one—Ishmael Reed years ago expressed his patent jealousy of her success and celebrity by claiming she was merely a lackey of the white feminist cabal at *Ms.*, for whom she wrote. It's as stale and peevish now as it was then.

NANCIE CARAWAY
Honolulu, Hawaii

To the editors:

It is dumb to castigate a novel for its plot. I challenge anyone to name more than one novel worth reading (or any play by Shakespeare, for that matter) whose plot cannot be reduced in bare summary to melodrama, war story, fairy tale, myth. Context and execution are all, and much of Toni Morrison's rhetorical power lies in the creation of cumulative effect. To lift some quotes out of their surroundings and hold them up as proof that the book is spoiled by sentimentality and overwriting is to fail to recognize her skills and her rhetoric.

KAY BONETTI
Columbia, Missouri

VETTING 'VEIL'

To the editors:

To buttress his thesis about the hyping of Bob Woodward's new book, *Veil*, Fred Barnes writes: "The manuscript was never sent through the mail or even by Federal Express" ("Knock on Woodward," October 26). Wrong. The manuscript of *Veil* was sent to me via Federal Express, mailed by Simon and Schuster publicist Julia Knickerbocker.

Barnes takes Mike Wallace to task for not asking Woodward in his "60 Minutes" interview (regarding Woodward's hospital room conversation with William Casey), "You really didn't know the truth until North spoke, right? I'm sure Woodward would have answered honestly." But in the broadcast interview, Wallace asked Woodward: "Bill Casey told you on his deathbed, in effect, that he was responsible, that he knew?"

Woodward: "Yes he did."

Wallace: "And all we can believe is you?"

Woodward: "That's correct. That happened. I wrote that before Oliver North testified. It's a matter of record at my publisher's and at the *Post*."

Why ask what had already been answered?

MARION GOLDIN
Producer, "60 Minutes"
Washington, D.C.

Fred Barnes replies:

It was Julia Knickerbocker herself who told TNR that the book hadn't been sent by mail or Federal Express until it started in syndication. On the other point,

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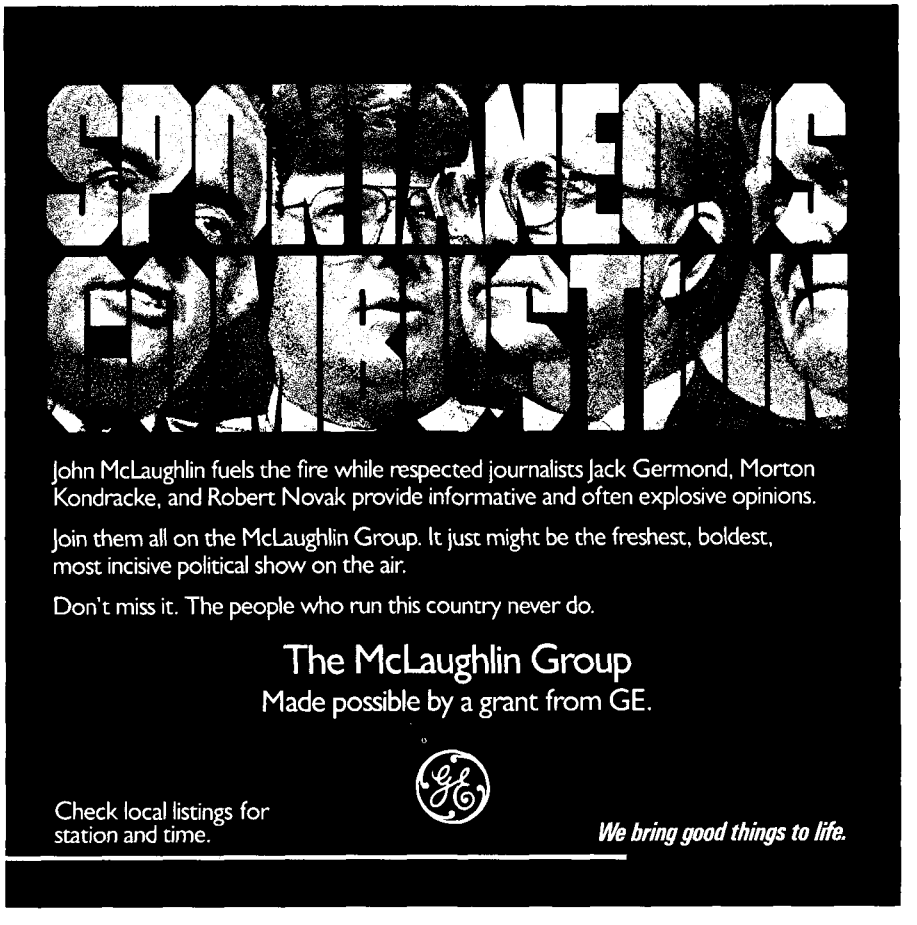
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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 23, 1987

TORTURE IN ISRAEL

The Six-Day War was not a war that Israel wanted. It was a war that Israel won. Israel's victory, however, was not without a price. A successful fight for survival left the Jewish state an occupying power, ruling over more than a million Palestinians. Moreover, a new war was launched against it—a war of terrorists. A war against terrorists is harder to fight than a war against soldiers. There are no rules of engagement, to put it mildly. And the civilian population, in whose name (taken in vain) the terrorists commit their crimes, becomes a "security problem."

Occupations are sordid, but the occupation of the West Bank has been less sordid than most. For many years Israel pointed with pride to its scrupulousness. But last week an official inquiry into the Shin Beth, Israel's security police, released a report that tarnishes the image of Israel and that must be profoundly unsettling to its supporters.

The Shin Beth is the main instrument of Israeli action against terrorism in the occupied territories. According to the report of the Landau commission, the Shin Beth, for almost two decades, has routinely used "physical pressure" during the interrogation of suspects, and routinely lied to Israeli courts about the confessions that were obtained as the results of such "pressure." The Shin Beth "permitted itself to violate the law systematically and over a long period of time with the agreement, the approval, and even the encouragement of perjury in the courts." The report concluded, with Old Testament severity, that "this evil must be pulled out by the roots."

Naturally we are pleased by the very production of the report, which is a sign of moral and political maturity. Still, this is small comfort for its contents. What exactly does "physical pressure" mean? It has an Orwellian ring. The Landau panel didn't say "torture." Indeed, it understood the need for "non-violent psychological pressure" in dealing with terrorism and even added, again unclearly, that "moderate physical pressure may be used."

But let *us* be clear. Torture is the subject. Obviously Israel does not practice torture on a scale that is common in most nations of the world. And just as obviously, this is a point many commentators on the Middle East can be counted upon *not* to make. But, in this instance at least, the fear of many that the occupation might corrupt the occupier has been confirmed. These abuses have no precedent in Israeli history before the Six-Day War.

Moreover, the deception of the Israeli courts is just as troubling as the "pressure" about which they were not told. The courts are precisely the place where political abuses in the occupied territories have found redress. The Palestinians of the West Bank have turned to Israel's legal system very effectively in the past. In one way, the systematic perjury may be worse than the systematic torture. Regarding torture, there is an honest argument to be made—wrong, but honest—that a nation fighting terrorism cannot tie its own hands. Systematic perjury is a way to avoid making that honest argument, at the cost of perverting a system of justice that is one of Israel's proudest accomplishments.

Again, the war against terrorism is difficult to fight, particularly in a democracy. No country has been more punished by terrorism than Israel, and Israel is a democracy. And no democracy has been untainted by its fight against terrorism. There is nothing more antithetical to terrorism than the rule of law—and nothing more powerless against it. Lawyers will not stop bombers. The Landau panel appears to have acknowledged, however uncomfortably and unclearly, that counterterrorism may be an ugly business. Still, the panel concluded that it must not be quite *this* ugly. Counterterrorism does not justify the wholesale and systematic mockery of the very system of law that it sets out to defend. And there is a difference between a terrorist and somebody suspected of terrorism; a difference between terrorists and Palestinians; a difference between a security problem and a population.

The real resolution of this problem will come only when a political solution to the conflict is found. As long as the occupation persists, and as long as terrorism persists, the balance between democracy and security will sometimes be difficult to find. But we hope that the Landau lesson will be learned. You cannot claim to be decent and just, and then torture and lie. Israel's compunctions have always accompanied Israel's power. So they should. □

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NOTEBOOK

□ SWEETHEART, GET ME GLASNOST: David Satter, for six years the Moscow correspondent of the London *Financial Times*, has been commissioned by the *Reader's Digest* and TNR to return to the Soviet Union and write about the era of *glasnost*. However, the Soviets have refused to give him a journalist's visa unless he agrees to be "sponsored" by a Soviet organization—in effect, to be supervised by the very people he is there to cover. Of necessity, and conveniently for the Soviets, most outside journalists either accept such sponsorship because they don't know the country or they come in on tourist visas and are similarly constrained. Satter knows the country well, and only last year got a non-sponsored journalist visa—but only after the State Department threatened to impose similar conditions on a Soviet journalist in this country. We have selfish motives, of course, but we also see this as a minor test of *glasnost*.

□ COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE: American exhortations to Japan and Germany to loosen up and enjoy the boom have been a regular feature of the financial soap opera of the past couple years. Lower interest rates abroad would increase demand for our exports. By reducing the competition for capital, they also would make it easier for us to finance our government deficit. But Japan and Germany have been reluctant, citing what strikes America's leaders as an irrational and unsociable fear of inflation and economic excess generally. Now that America is starting to reap the consequences of its own economic excess, calls

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

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5.	SOCIALIST REALISM	—	1
6.	SWEET SMELL OF EXCESS	—	1
7.	PALL BEARERS	*	4
8.	SICKNESS UNTO DEARTH	—	1
9.	LYCRA ROLLING STONE	—	1
10.	GET SMART	—	1

1. SECOND COMING ↙ 4 7

Arms control. Now that Gorbachev's coming after all, now that there's been another round of backslapping, it turns out that there are still no agreed-upon details. Reagan might have been better off with a canceled summit. Now he'll have to sell his treaty from his weakened political position. His natural Senate allies have been looking askance, and, judging by the Buckley debate, *nobody* sees much political benefit in supporting it.

2. PAPER CHASE ↙ — 1

Ginsburg. Ginsburg's lack of a paper trail turned from virtue to liability almost instantly. No record means no insulation from negative reports. Ginsburg's cable holdings remain to be weighed, while his computer-dating career lacks, uh, *gravitas*. As for his wife's career and his daughters' surnames, that's their business. But he hardly seems an Eagle Forum sort of guy.

3. THE UNTOUCHABLES ↙ 1 3

Crash. The hypothesis is that the investment community is essentially irrational, and must be dealt with gingerly. The antithesis is that there is universal consensus that deficits must be addressed. The synthesis is Washington gridlock; after two weeks, the hurry-up deficit talks showed no sign of agreement on cutting anything or taxing anybody. Funny, the crash had seemed a serious matter.

4. BEAT ABOUT BY BUSH ↙ 8 22

1988. If Bush isn't losing by not winning, he's winning by not losing. The op-ed idea that Bush has been Tarzanized because he called du Pont by his given name is Beltwayitis of the most eye-glazing kind. Race-shaping commentary like this is one reason we get Carters and Reagans in the first place. If this were really a game of Expectations Gaps, Robertson would be the comer.

5. SOCIALIST REALISM ↙ — 1

Capitalist roaders. Do Khrushchev-like fates await Soviet and Chinese reformers? Reform is politically delicate, but this isn't son-of-Khrushchev; the status quo ante is dramatically changed. The difference is computers. Unless totalitarian regimes accommodate themselves to such technology, they will fall behind the West at an accelerating pace. Gorbachev's and Deng's actions occur at an important Communist crossroads.

6. SWEET SMELL OF EXCESS ↙ — 1

Yuppies. The crash has made it possible to say the Y-word aloud, if only in a gleefully funereal voice. But who's being eulogized? If yuppies are only market-exposed brokers, who cares? If it's greed's ascendancy that's being buried, that funeral was last year. But if yuppies are have-it-all young urban professionals, those people haven't gone anywhere.

7. PALL BEARERS ↙ * 4

Aquino. The shooting of U.S. soldiers in the Philippines casts a further pall over Cory Aquino's increasingly tarnished leadership. She has been tagged as the Filipino Kerensky, and there is now public discussion of when she will leave office. Aquino may have problems running her troubled country, but she is also a victim of too-good public relations too early.

8. SICKNESS UNTO DEARTH ↙ — 1

Health care. What happened to all the nurses? There are a reported 140,000 such jobs going begging nationwide, with administrators, patients, and relatives gnashing their teeth over problematic attention. Aside from the hours and pay problems, nursing may be a victim of rising women's expectations. Women who might previously have entered the field now shun it for other, glitzier opportunities, and few men have replaced them.

9. LYCRA ROLLING STONE ↙ — 1

Cycling. Anybody worried that Americans will willingly stop throwing money around should look at the resurgent cycling scene. Trail bikes are very controversial, enormously popular, and ridiculously expensive. More suggestive, cycling isn't something you do casually in your cutoffs anymore; first you buy a clinging Lycra outfit, one of the year's major marketing successes.

10. GET SMART ↙ — 1

Intelligence. Want to cash in on recent findings about smarts? (1) Wear glasses; the nearsighted tend to be smart. (2) Behave oddly; there's a claimed correlation between genius and manic behavior. (3) Lie about your brainy lineage; studies of twins separated at birth indicate intelligence is tied far more closely to genes than to environment. Unwelcome news for an egalitarian society, but never mind.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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for others to join the party and help keep it going have become even more insistent. But who are we, especially now, to tell Japan and Germany that they have been overly cautious in managing their economies? The "international cooperation" that everyone's calling for, including lower interest rates abroad, is a fine idea. But the finance ministers of more responsible countries are absolutely right to insist that the United States must sober up before they start pouring the drinks.

□ SPEAKING OF PARTIES: We like those elaborate Washington receptions, given by various corporations, as much as the next group of freeloaders. Those from this office who attended a recent lavish bash for 1,500 people, thrown by NBC in honor of the 40th anniversary of "Meet the Press," are grateful to have been included. Nevertheless, pleasant memories of smoked salmon, baby lamb chops, and seviche turned somewhat sour the next week when we read of NBC's decision to lay off 700 people, about half of them from the news division. "The goal is to be as efficient as possible, and not to waste money," explained an NBC vice president. Maybe the fired technicians can get jobs as waiters.

□ SLEAZEBALL WATCH: "The prosecutor has said the evidence is going to show that Mike Deaver traded his relationship with the president for money," said the lawyer for former Reagan aide Michael Deaver, addressing the jury at the opening of Deaver's trial on October 27. "That is a damnable lie." Newspaper reports failed to indicate whether the lawyer's nose grew perceptibly as he made this preposterous statement. Deaver is charged with perjury, not influence-peddling per se. Influence-peddling isn't even illegal, except in certain easy-to-avoid technical circumstances that Deaver nevertheless seems to have failed to avoid. Be that as it may, the idea that Deaver never cashed in on his relationship with the president is hilarious. It's come out in the trial that he got $250,000 from TWA for one phone call to Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole. That wasn't for his expertise in aviation.

□ CRASH ROUND-UP:

Market Turmoil Takes Emotional Toll on Some Young Brokers

—*Los Angeles Times*, October 22

New Brokers Appear Calm Facing First Bear Market

same paper, October 25

(thanks to Michael Malick, Los Angeles, California)

"NEW YORK—George Soros, a renowned private investor, has become one of the biggest individual losers in the stock market's collapse this month."

—*Wall Street Journal*, October 27, page 2

"Money managers say others who scored big last week as a result of the short sales included George Soros. . . ."

—same paper, same day, page 6

(thanks to Alan Cooperman, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and Alan R. Batkin, Scarsdale, New York)

Volcker Now Backs Budget Amendment

—*Washington Post*, October 16

Volcker hits proposal for balancing budget

—*Washington Times*, same day

□ SO THAT EXPLAINS IT:

Advance in Copper Prices Is Attributed To Rising Demand, Declining Supply

—*Wall Street Journal*, October 28

(thanks to Perry H. Apelbaum, Washington, D.C.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

ROUND II

THE DRAFT OF a presidential speech announcing a new Supreme Court nominee circulated among senior White House aides in late October. The new nominee is tough on crime, the text said, "remembering not just the rights of criminals but, equally important, the rights of the victims of crime and the rights of society." The new nominee is a firm believer in judicial restraint. The new nominee is a highly respected member of his profession, has a distinguished background, and is eminently qualified to sit on the Supreme Court. But where the name of the nominee was supposed to be, there was only a blank. Tom Griscom, the White House communications chief, filled in the name of Douglas Ginsburg at 10 a.m. on October 29, moments after President Reagan decided on Ginsburg and four hours before the nomination was announced.

Not only the announcement but much of the game plan for winning confirmation was set before the nominee was picked. That didn't come until an Oval Office meeting at 9:30 a.m. on announcement day. The night before, Attorney General Edwin Meese and Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff, had interviewed three finalists at Meese's fifth floor office at the Justice Department. One, William Wilkins Jr., a federal appeals judge from South Carolina, wasn't a serious contender, but was thrown in to appease Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, the ranking Republican on the Judiciary Committee. Meese

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and Baker were split on the other two. Meese preferred Ginsburg, an appeals judge in Washington, D.C. Baker liked Anthony Kennedy, a judge on the federal appeals bench in California.

The interviews resolved nothing, but a phone call to Reagan from William French Smith, the former attorney general, tilted the nomination toward Ginsburg. Baker thinks Meese cleverly arranged the call, but Meese isn't saying. Smith warmly endorsed Ginsburg. "Here's somebody who knew Kennedy and waded in for the other guy," said a Baker ally. In the Oval Office, Meese concentrated on legal issues, Baker on the politics of confirmation. Meese talked up Ginsburg as an ardent judicial restrainer and brainy lawyer. Baker didn't challenge that, but warned Ginsburg would face a tough confirmation fight. Meese raised doubts about Kennedy on such issues as privacy, but Baker advised that confirmation would be easier in Kennedy's case.

REAGAN HAD no trouble making up his mind. Ginsburg's name was already etched favorably on his mind. A week earlier, he'd been read thumbnail sketches of the eight potential nominees, all federal appeals judges. Besides the three finalists, they included J. Clifford Wallace and Cynthia Hall of California, Pasco Bowman of Missouri, Ralph Winter of Connecticut, and Laurence Silberman of Washington, D.C. Reagan perked up at the mention of Ginsburg's age. "Only 41, huh?" he said. Knowing of Reagan's eagerness to have an enduring impact on the Court, one senior White House official concluded immediately that Ginsburg would be the president's choice.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, Ginsburg was not Meese's first choice. "He's not Meese's boy," says Terry Eastland, the Justice Department's spokesman. Meese initially favored Bowman, but was dissuaded because of Bowman's tolerant, and thus controversial, view of insider trading. His second choice was Wallace, an old friend from California. But the White House was turned off by the fact that Wallace is a Mormon and would be targeted on women's issues. Meese gave in. Then he turned to Silberman, but found that he has enemies on Meese's own staff. Ginsburg was the fallback position. Meese, after all, wasn't the one who brought Ginsburg to the Justice Department in the first place in 1983. That was William Baxter, the first antitrust chief under Meese, long since departed for Stanford University.

After sleepwalking through the fight over the nomination of Robert Bork, the White House had a strategy in place this time. For one thing, Reagan was ready to play up Ginsburg in his speeches, citing the law-and-order issue in particular. This issue doesn't make much sense in Ginsburg's case, since he's never been a criminal prosecutor. True, he dealt with white-collar criminals once he succeéded Baxter as antitrust chief in 1985, but that's not quite the same. Reagan also stressed in speeches the idea that the Judiciary Committee ought to hold prompt hearings and that "the kind of campaign of pressure politics we saw during the consideration of Judge Robert Bork's nomination" ought to be averted.

Reagan's selection of Ginsburg instead of Kennedy, whom the White House had been touting to reporters for weeks, brought two serious problems. One is the American Bar Association, whose rating of judicial nominees is crucial. When Ginsburg was nominated to the appeals court, his ABA rating was "qualified," which isn't the highest rank. He's been a law professor at Harvard and worked for the Reagan administration but never had a private practice or done trial work. The fear at the White House is that the ABA will rate him "well qualified" on a split vote, say 9-5. Some fear even worse, a "not opposed" rating. In any case, the White House is prepared to do covert battle with the ABA. Reagan aides took notice when the *Washington Post* on October 31 attributed a critical comment about Ginsburg to an unnamed member of the ABA judicial evaluation committee. While the White House won't publicly attack the ABA over this, "We'll make something out of it third-party," an official says. In other words, look for a Republican senator to attack.

The other problem is Ginsburg's link to Meese. When stories broke on October 27 that Meese was pushing Ginsburg, calls from moderate Senate Republicans poured into the White House—please, please, don't nominate a Meese candidate. That couldn't be arranged, but Baker has done all he could to downgrade the Meese connection, which isn't politically helpful on Capitol Hill. Baker played the good soldier and took Ginsburg around to meet senator after senator. He was pleasantly surprised to find that Ginsburg came off as reasonably personable. Justice Department aides have been largely cut out of the lobbying effort, if only for appearance sake. Meese has adopted a low profile. Still, it will be up to Ginsburg to show that he's his own man, not a Meese clone.

GINSBURG SHOULDN'T have much trouble distinguishing himself from Bork. They both have beards and are judicial conservatives, but there the likeness ends. Ginsburg is neither a movement conservative nor an ideologue. One person who knows both very well says, "Bob is a great talker and Doug is a great listener." But Ginsburg needs to do more than show he's not another Bork. He's got to make sure he doesn't carry all the baggage into confirmation proceedings that Bork did. "Bob wound up carrying the whole weight of the original intent, assault-the-Warren-Court, Meese-Brad Reynolds agenda," says an administration official. It was too much.

The paradox is that the strategy used by the White House in Bork's case was inappropriate for him but is right for Ginsburg. The White House argued that Bork was a moderate conservative of the Lewis Powell school, which isn't true. But it's close to accurate with Ginsburg. He's conservative, but his views aren't set in concrete. And that's the point he intends to make in the Judiciary Committee hearings. Can the law be reduced to cost-benefit analysis? Nope, he'll say. Is the Constitution a living, breathing document and not a rigid road map? Yep, he'll say. What's his view on abortion? Won't say, he'll say,

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because that issue may come before the Supreme Court. The White House has left it up to Ginsburg to answer as much or as little about his views as he wants.

The temptation for conservatives is to run, on Ginsburg's behalf, the kind of hard-nosed campaign that was not waged for Bork. Even a couple of White House aides favor this approach, which is exactly the wrong one. In fact, it represents the biggest single threat to Ginsburg's confirmation. If he runs on Bork's issues, he may lose. Friends of Ginsburg's, such as William Kristol of the Department of Education, have warned him about this. Instead, Ginsburg—and the White House—need to give Southern and moderate Democrats a graceful way to vote for Ginsburg. Rubbing their noses in the Bork rejection won't help. Reagan isn't either popular or powerful enough these days to get away with that. He ought to forgive Southerners and moderates publicly for voting against Bork.

On top of that, Reagan should frame the issue this way: a vote against Ginsburg is a vote that says no conservative—open-minded, fair, and non-ideological though he may be—should be confirmed for the Supreme Court. This was suggested by Education Secretary William Bennett at the Cabinet meeting at the White House four days after Ginsburg was nominated. Neither the president nor anyone in the Cabinet responded to Bennett—not a peep. Quickly the discussion turned to the stock market crash, and Cabinet members moaned about the losses their blind trusts had suffered. Five minutes was spent on Ginsburg, 55 minutes on the crash. Not a good sign.

FRED BARNES

THE PRESS

THE BIG BANG

FOR YEARS a man named Richard Dimbleby intoned the commentary on royal events for BBC television. His orotund voice, plump vowels, and hushed, reverent manner were as much a part of the occasion as Westminster Abbey itself. He was jokingly called "Gold Microphone in Waiting." How could he possibly have reported all this speculation about Charles and Di heading for divorce?

Dimbleby's awe in the face of majesty was duplicated in the rest of the media. The unspoken rule to editors was never to print anything to which the royals might object. The occasional memoirs of Palace servants whose cringing, confidential manner highlighted their subservience was about as far as the press went.

There is another tone of voice today, that of the intrusive, sex-obsessed sleuths. They work mainly for the tabloid papers. These are the boys who staked out the apartment where Prince Andrew's girlfriend lived, looking for pictures of him leaving in the small hours. With lenses the size of culverts, they snapped Charles and Di, on a Caribbean beach, in their swimming costumes, from a mile away. They've pursued a banker who, they broadly hint, has had an affair with Di this year.

The present imbroglio, with its tale of protracted separations and heavy suggestions of infidelity, is without doubt the worst the present generation of royals has had to face—a step on the missing stair down toward the basement. Evidence of this is that the serious "broadsheet" papers have taken up the story: they are now filled with ponderous, rueful articles about the couple's age gap and the lack of common interests. The consensus is that the marriage has failed but that they will have to stay together for the sake of the subjects—or more accurately, for the survival of the monarchy itself.

The royals must wonder what future there is for a monarchy whose most intimate moments have become as much a part of the public domain as the sports results. But the most ghastly thing for the royals must be realizing that, to some extent, they are to blame.

IT'S HARD for an American to realize the strident piety that was applied to the royal family in Britain 20 years ago. The press's posture was permanent genuflection. Little was published except about official duties. The few pictures were stiff and posed. If the queen looked happy, the papers called her "radiant." If she didn't, they wouldn't dream of mentioning it. As for royals having a private life, or engaging in sex, one could as easily imagine such a thing between Mickey and Minnie Mouse. This year Charles and Di had less than a month apart before the tabloids decreed their marriage was in trouble. In 1957 the queen and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, were separated for 19 weeks. There were one or two slight, throat-clearing references in the press, and then the matter was forgotten.

That same year Malcolm Muggeridge was vilified for offering a few thoughts on the subject to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. They seem pretty obvious now: the monarchy was an "ersatz religion"; it was "duchesses, not shop assistants" who found the queen "dowdy, frumpish, and banal." Such remarks could not conceivably have appeared in any British publication; for Muggeridge to say them abroad was virtual treason. "AMERICA PRINTS AMAZING ROYAL ATTACK BY TV IDOL," screamed one paper. When writer John Grigg the year before offered a few lines of mild advice to the queen suggesting that she modernize her image, he was physically attacked.

There was far more appetite than information served up. Tiny nuggets of gossip—the Duke of Edinburgh was quick-tempered, the queen herself charming—were passed round like holy relics. On the whole people preferred it that way. We were taught to look down on other European monarchs, some of whom rode bicycles.

By 1969 almost every home in Britain had a TV. Five years of Labor government had convinced Buckingham

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Palace (like the White House, an office building as much as a residence) that the time had come for a more open, democratic, televisual monarchy. Encouraged by Sir William Heseltine, now the queen's private secretary, then, in effect, her media adviser, the royal family agreed to appear in a TV documentary called "Royal Family." It was an anodyne affair, remembered here mainly for then-U.S. Ambassador Walter Annenberg saying to the queen that he would move into his residence, "subject to certain elements of refurbishment." I was, I think, alone in feeling sympathy for Annenberg. Wasn't that how you were supposed to talk to royalty?

WITH HINDSIGHT, "Royal Family" was the beginning of the end. Cozy, behind-the-scenes glimpses such as the family cookout all signaled that the royals now expected to be treated as mere human beings—larger than life, perhaps, but no longer mysterious, godlike creatures. From there the primrose path was broad and steep. As a free market opened in royal chitchat, the press became more intrusive each year. But in its desperate desire to appear up to date, the Palace played along. Young royals didn't just have to meet the people, they had to be the people. Charles as a student took part in all kinds of jolly student stunts. No detail was too trivial. As a junior reporter in 1969 I covered his arrival at an unglamorous college in Wales, and thanks to my dazzling detective work one afternoon found that he had bought a pack of clothes hangers. When his equerry failed to reveal this fact at the evening press briefing, he was attacked and accused of covering up.

The Royal Wedding in 1981 was another important stage. It was the first time that the press and TV had been thoroughly integrated into an event instead of being tolerated onlookers. But once you admit an 800-pound gorilla into your house, even one wearing morning dress, there is no way you can politely show him the door. It seemed that the more the Palace offered, the more was demanded. The press donated to each royal a "character," as if in a soap opera: Philip the ruthless martinet, Andrew the lover, Margaret the embittered divorcée. When Charles was courting Di, the press drove itself into a frenzy. Premarital sex in a stationary train was alleged, and denied. The queen had editors into the Palace for what would now be called "spin control." She said Di was a young girl who couldn't even buy candy without being chased to the store. The editor of the *News of the World* asked, reasonably I thought, why she didn't send a servant. "That," said the queen, "is a very pompous remark"—a crafty riposte since she is one of the few people in the world whose job is being pompous.

Indeed, now the press and the Palace have become symbiotic in their need to trivialize the monarchy. Earlier this year some younger royals helped present a charity edition of "It's A Knock-Out," a silly, hectic TV game show. It's exactly as if "Fergie" (which she could never have been called 25 years ago) had agreed to turn the letters on "Wheel of Fortune."

No one can doubt the queen's own dedication to the idea of constitutional monarchy. She may be the last person in Britain really to believe in the notion of the Commonwealth that she heads. Certainly Mrs. Thatcher doesn't. (The two are said to get on badly, or at least without warmth.) Muggeridge wrote: "The monarch has to be cut off, aloof. The mystique of monarchy requires it." A king without his dignity is not just ill-equipped, but lacks the whole point of his existence. This is even more important if the sovereign is powerless. Presidents and prime ministers can afford to be lovable and human; constitutional monarchs can't.

The conversion of the British royal family into just another supermarket cover story has been a curious tango between the press and the palace, with both sides refusing to admit they are dancing together. Nobody could, or wishes to, restore the groveling sycophancy of the past. But few people want the present lurid soap opera plot. Since the French Revolution, British royals have feared abolition from socialists and levelers. Instead they may remain indefinitely as mere celebrities, irrelevant as symbols of national unity and purpose, watching fearfully to see if the ratings drop.

SIMON HOGGART

Simon Hoggart is the Washington correspondent of the London *Observer*.

Politics, mercy, and immigration.

MORAL BORDERS

WHEN CONGRESS last year opened up places for 10,000 new immigrants to come to the United States, more than one million people applied at consulates around the world. There is a backlog of 2,053,000 applicants for the 270,000 places the United States reserves each year for prospective immigrants other than spouses and young children of U.S. citizens, who get in right away. The line for these spaces has doubled since 1981, and the wait is getting longer every year. It takes five-and-a-half years for a naturalized U.S. citizen from the Philippines to get his adult children admitted to the United States. For a Mexican, the wait is ten years, which strongly encourages family members to immigrate illegally.

The United States is being generous toward illegal immigrants who arrived before January 1982. About two million of them will become legal residents under the amnesty enacted in 1986. However, those who arrived after that date—no one knows how many, but four million is a reasonable guess—will be forced to leave the country or, more probably, will be driven deeper into the shadows because, for the first time, it will be illegal to employ them. Meanwhile, at least three million new illegals arrive every year.

What should we do about all these people? What is

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moral? What is politically possible? What's in the national interest? As ever, there are two fundamental points of view on this subject—four, if one counts the extremes. One side is exclusionist, convinced that too many immigrants will spoil things for native Americans. The other side is inclusionist, convinced that immigrants have always helped America prosper. A compromise between the two schools made possible the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act. Inclusionists got amnesty, exclusionists got employer sanctions. As the act reached its first anniversary this month, the two sides were skirmishing over inclusionist efforts to liberalize the law and over the future of legal immigration.

The exclusionist side is spearheaded by the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), an uneasy alliance of political adversaries: environmentalists and population controllers such as former Colorado Governor Richard Lamm; some old-fashioned liberals worried about the impact of new immigrants on blacks and other disadvantaged Americans; conservatives anxious to limit government costs and the political power of Hispanic and other immigrant groups; and no doubt a few simple racists. FAIR's congressional allies include Democratic Representatives James Scheuer of New York and Romano Mazzoli of Kentucky, Republicans Bill McCollum of Florida and Dan Lungren of California, and Republican Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming, co-author of the 1986 act.

The inclusionists are led by House Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino of New Jersey, the other 1986 co-author, members of the House Hispanic caucus, Democratic Representative Charles Schumer of New York, plus Senator Edward Kennedy. One key lobbying organization on the inclusion side is the National Immigration Refugee and Citizenship Forum (FORUM), a conglomerate of 100 mostly liberal groups including labor unions, major churches, Hispanic and other nationality groups, and local government bodies.

Activists at FAIR portray their opponents as naive "globalists who say, 'we are all brothers in this world' " or "tribalists" out to swell their own group's numbers and protect its interests. FAIR types portray themselves as "patriots," although immigration advocates are more likely to label them "nativist." What comes through to an independent observer new to the fight is that the exclusionists are fundamentally pessimistic about America—fearful that new arrivals inevitably will make things worse for those who are already here. The inclusionists tend to believe in the power of economic growth to make things better for everybody.

There is an extreme school of inclusionists, led by supply-side editorial writers at the *Wall Street Journal*, who advocate open borders and free immigration on the grounds that, like free trade, it boosts the economy. Both FAIR and FORUM consider this school cynical, ultimately aiming to depress wage rates for workers much as free trade lowers prices on goods.

One significant benefit of the imperfect 1986 immigration act is that it slowed the growth of exclusionist extremism, which expressed itself in "English Only" signs in Florida and occasional violent outbursts against Hispanics and Asians in California, Texas, and elsewhere. In 1980 a Roper poll showed that 80 percent of the U.S. population favored a decrease in legal immigration. In 1985 a *U.S. News and World Report* poll indicated that only 17 percent favored amnesty for illegals and only six percent favored letting in more immigrants. There has not been extensive polling on immigration since the '86 law, but one survey, The California Poll, did find in October that wide majorities now favor both amnesty and employer sanctions.

Another welcome result is that emphasis in press coverage has shifted from the spectacle of hordes of illegals teeming across the borders, focusing instead on the plight of individuals trying to cope with the complexities of the law and life on the run. That has helped turn the political tide in favor of humanitarian liberalization of the act, especially on the key disputed issue of family unity.

ACCORDING TO the law, only individual illegals who have been in the United States since January 1982 are eligible for amnesty. Family members who arrived later are not. From the outset, immigrant-aid groups have argued that aliens would be reluctant to seek amnesty for fear that their relatives would be grabbed and deported, even though the law expressly prohibits this. This September, four months after the one-year amnesty plan went into effect, the Immigration and Naturalization Service ruled against deporting children of single parents who are eligible for amnesty, but said that in two-parent families, ineligible spouses and children may be deported.

This set off a huge fight. INS officials claim that except for criminality there actually will be no deportations of family members. Yet immigrant-aid groups contend aliens do not know this and are frightened. Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island introduced legislation granting full amnesty to families, but it was defeated, 55-45, with Simpson arguing that such a law would discriminate against people who are standing in line for legal immigration. Representative Ed Roybal of California is expected to push for a weaker no-deportation amendment in the House, but even it will be fought by such exclusionists as McCollum, whose motion to kill the entire amnesty provision was defeated last year by only seven votes.

In the name of mercy, how can Congress *not* promise to allow wives and children of amnesty recipients to stay in America? Well, you have to be an exclusionist to understand. They are worried about numbers: if two million people receive amnesty, each will soon be trying to bring in relatives, so that the "ripple effect" might produce more than ten million new residents. What's that in a country of 240 million citizens? Well, to the exclusionists, every new body is a mouth to feed or a welfare check to pay. To the inclusionists, every body is at least a pair of arms to help produce, if not a brain to invent new means of production.

According to pro-immigration activists, there are a lot more than two million illegals eligible for amnesty, but they are not being enticed from hiding. INS Commissioner Alan Nelson, and especially former Acting Commissioner

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Doris Meissner, get high marks from Hispanic and other pro-immigration groups for humanizing what was once a strictly enforcement-minded agency. Immigrant rights groups say that INS workers tend to be courteous and liberal-minded about taking evidence from amnesty applicants. The approval rate for the first five months of the program was 92 percent. There is no known case of information from an amnesty applicant being used for enforcement purposes.

But inclusionist critics say that the early applicants have been the easiest to process and approve, that the number of applicants has been declining, and that outside of California and Texas, the amnesty program is tragically underperforming. Census data suggest, for instance, that there are at least 235,000 eligible illegals in New York—mainly of Caribbean origin—but only 37,000 have come forward. In Massachusetts, where illegals tend to be Irish, only 4,400 have applied out of a potential 13,000. At present rates, the critics say, well under two million will have applied for amnesty when the program ends next May. According to FORUM President Rick Swartz, close to four million, not two million, are eligible, meaning that the amnesty program "can scarcely be considered a success."

Swartz favors extension of the amnesty for an additional six months or one year, and expansion to include immigrants who arrived before 1984 or 1985. Representative Joseph P. Kennedy of Massachusetts has introduced a bill that would legalize illegal aliens who arrived up to the present—but *only those of Irish origin!* Immigration advocates hope that such tribalist legislation can be converted into a wider general amnesty, since it's believed that a 1984 or 1985 cutoff would include more illegal Poles and Israelis, as well as Irish.

NO ONE KNOWS how well the enforcement half of the 1986 law is working. Employer sanctions are just now being implemented seriously. Employers are required to get documentation of citizenship from new employees, and to refuse jobs to anyone who doesn't have it. So far, only two employers have been fined for hiring illegals, and 200 have been warned. If the sanction program works as intended, up to four million illegals now in the United States are going to find it impossible to work, and will leave the country. Theoretically, would-be new illegals won't come. This year the INS reports that border apprehensions are down by 30 percent, but scarcely any outside expert thinks this means a real, permanent reduction in illegal immigration flows.

The chances are that employer sanctions will only cause misery—deeper fear on the part of illegals, lower wage rates and poorer working conditions in companies willing to break the law to hire them. A loophole permits employers to keep an illegal worker hired before November 1986, which may place some aliens in virtual bondage. A coalition of Hispanic politicians headed by San Antonio Mayor Henry Cisneros is urging repeal of the employer sanction provision, but that's politically impossible. What is more possible—and humane—is to expand amnesty to the maximum. Employer sanctions and other enforcement devices then could be concentrated on limiting new illegal immigration.

And then, inclusionists believe, the United States should open the doors to more legal aliens than the 600,000 now admitted annually. This year, they are trying to legalize several hundred thousand Salvadorans and Nicaraguans who have fled civil wars and poverty in Central America. The exclusionists (and the Justice Department) are against giving "extended voluntary departure" (refugee) status to Salvadorans even though President José Napoleón Duarte has asked for it as a form of economic aid and the State Department favors it. The House has passed such a measure. In the Senate it is being resisted by Simpson, but the chances are that its chief sponsor, Dennis DeConcini, can slip it into a must-pass continuing resolution.

The nation is in for years of debate on legal immigration. So far, only one comprehensive reform bill has been introduced, by Senator Kennedy, which would expand the number of legal immigrants by 50,000 per year, give a slight preference to European immigrants, and shift preferences away from brothers and sisters of U.S. citizens to the spouses and children of resident aliens. Representative Schumer is scheduled to introduce a bill expanding legal immigration by 150,000 or 200,000, and Rodino may come in with a measure to reduce backlogs.

Meanwhile, Simpson is readying his own legislation to cap immigration at current levels and shift the focus of immigration away from reunification of families—which has received top priority in U.S. law since 1965—and toward economic productivity by including more young, skilled, English-speaking workers and professionals, and also potential investors. Schumer, for one inclusionist, also favors this shift to economic basing of immigration.

Kinship became the keystone of immigration policy in 1965, when national preferences were abolished. It was thought that Europeans would continue to dominate the newcomer population, but things did not work out that way. Europeans now account for just 14 percent of new arrivals every year. Forty-seven percent are Asians and 40 percent are Latins. If a new law emphasizes economic qualifications, it's not clear what that would do to the national origin of new immigrants. It might open the way for Europeans, but they tend not to want to come; it might increase the flow of English-speaking Indians and Pakistanis.

Exclusionists raise some mild objections to draining the brains of Third World countries, but their principal objective is to hold down the numbers of new immigrants, citing evidence that they take away jobs from Americans and represent a net drain on the economy, paying less in taxes than they absorb in public services. They also point out that America now takes in twice as many immigrants and refugees as all other nations combined. And they say that government programs should be directed toward expanding the skills of the native poor, rather than absorbing foreigners.

All the evidence and claims are hotly disputed, though it seems clear that heightened competition for jobs does oc-

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cur in hard times. Counting education spending, illegal immigrants do seem to absorb more public spending than they pay back in taxes. There is also some reason to worry that new Hispanic immigrants aren't catching up to normal American education and income standards as fast as previous immigrant groups.

Still, the overwhelming number of studies indicates that immigrants are a net plus for society—creating new jobs through their consumption, keeping hard-pressed industries from moving abroad, and often performing tasks that other Americans won't. Immigrant groups tend to join liberal political coalitions favoring more job training for all the poor. Some immigrants send money back home, and others send news about what a good place this is; both help make friends for America. We are not overcrowded with foreigners. The foreign born now represent six percent of the population, the same as in the 1950s; from 1900 to 1930, they were more than double that.

Do we take more immigrants than the rest of the world combined? You bet we do. That's what America has always been about—and always should be. We can't take everybody, but there is certainly room for more.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

CAMPAIGN '88

G.O.P. FOLLIES

GEORGE BUSH "won" the Republicans' first debate for a lot of reasons, but the biggest was his association with somebody higher ranking than he is, a popular politician and skilled communicator who believes in the economic magic of the market and who, despite some sniping from the right wing of his own party, is about to enjoy a foreign policy triumph made possible by massive concessions to a hostile power he has spent most of his career describing as a dangerous and malevolent empire.

Yes, Bush has reason to be grateful to Mikhail Gorbachev. By meeting Ronald Reagan nine-tenths of the way (ten-tenths when necessary), he has set the stage for a splashy stateside summit next month, at which the president and the general secretary will sign a treaty banning intermediate-range ballistic missiles from Europe. The INF treaty has been dismissed by many a Washington Strangelove as unimportant at best and dangerous at worst, but it is neither. And it is the easiest arms control sell since the Kennedy-Khrushchev test ban, because unlike SALTs I and II it is nice and simple. Here's how George Bush sold it during the debate: "I like an agreement that takes out 1,600 Soviet warheads for 400 of ours. . . . This is the first time in the nuclear age that we're getting rid of an entire generation of nuclear weapons, and that's good for my grandchildren and the rest of the world."

Bush and Gorbachev had plenty of help. During the debate, a two-hour edition of William F. Buckley Jr.'s "Firing Line" broadcast from Houston, all five of Bush's opponents managed to position themselves on what is almost sure to be the politically wrong side of the issue, even within the Republican Party. Reading from right to far right, Robert "Bob" Dole prescribed a "dose of healthy skepticism." Alexander M. "Al" Haig Jr. said that "Europe is unnerved about this agreement." Pierre S. "Pete" du Pont IV said, "I cannot support a treaty we may not be able to verify made with a nation we cannot trust." Marion G. "Pat" Robertson called the treaty "badly flawed." And Jack "Jack" Kemp said, "I wouldn't sign a new agreement with the Soviet Union until they're required to keep the previous agreements they signed with the United States of America." Kemp added, using a bit of think-tank shorthand certain to baffle viewers unaware that it is good to be nuclearized, "I can't understand why we're rushing into an agreement that threatens to denuclearize Europe."

Bush's rivals thus lashed themselves to the rails on the very track down which the Moscow-Washington Express is scheduled to roar on December 7, with Bush in the locomotive sitting next to the engineer. Of the five, only Dole tied himself loosely enough to permit escape without severe rope burns and in time to hop aboard the caboose.

Thanks to the expectations game, the fix was in for Bush before the debate even started. Bush had a bad reputation as a debater, the hangover from his goofy performances in the 1980 Iowa debate against Reagan and the 1984 debate against Geraldine Ferraro. Delivering a widely held press verdict, Evans and Novak wrote that Bush won "mainly by not losing." Robertson benefitted from a similar dynamic: he gained simply by appearing affable and by not having his head rotate 360 degrees with the sign of the beast tatooed on his forehead. Dole, meanwhile, was destined to be counted a flop no matter what he did. Forced to pick between being too nasty or too nice, he chose (probably wisely) too nice.

But Bush was more than just lucky. With surprising grace and subtlety, he also established a certain distance from Reagan—starting with his answer to the first substantive question of the debate, posed by Robert Strauss, the Washington operative who served as Buckley's Ed McMahon: Could you please name some areas where the administration should have done things differently? "The answer is, I could but I won't," Bush replied, neatly establishing both fealty and independence. He went on to list his own priorities, beginning with education and arms control, neither of which has been a passion of the Reagan regime.

Bush's best moment, however, came in an exchange with du Pont. The panel was sunk in a numbing discussion of how grateful they all were to Robertson for bringing his evangelical followers into the Republican Party—a discussion that for hypocrisy and condescension was more than a match for the Democratic candidates' similar go-rounds with Jesse Jackson. Du Pont, with little to lose, decided to change the subject and strike. Bush had "heroically fol-

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lowed America into war" and followed Nixon into China and followed Reagan into tax cuts. "But the question is, in a Bush presidency, where would he lead America?" Illogically, he tied this complaint back to the INF question: "We're waiting for details and we're hearing generalities." Bush's reply:

> Pierre, let me help you on some of this. One, I think it's a nutty idea to fool around with the Social Security system and run the risk of [hurting] the people who've been saving all their lives. . . . It may be a new idea, but it's a dumb one. On the question of the INF treaty, I told you all these European leaders were for it. I'm for it. The president's for it. The Joint Chiefs are for it. . . . It's fine when you're outside, carping, criticizing a president—and it's different, I've found, it is very different when you're in there having to make the tough calls.

FOR BUSH, a more advantageous foil than du Pont cannot be imagined. Patronizing, humorless, and ice-cold, du Pont is the perfect picture of a banker about to foreclose on the mortgage. The bumper stickers may say Pete, but the glasses, clothes, haircut, and narrow, thin-lipped face all scream Pierre the Fourth. Bush doesn't need to worry about seeming too preppy when du Pont is in the room. He makes Bush look like the Godfather of Soul. Bush and du Pont are on different sides of the ideological fault line that divides the traditional Republicans (Bush, Dole, Haig) from the movement conservatives (du Pont, Kemp, Robertson). But they are on the same side of another fault line, the one between the upper-crust, to-the-manor-born types (Bush, du Pont, Robertson) and the non-U's (Kemp, Dole, Haig). Bush could therefore slap du Pont around at will without the risk of awakening class resentments in the audience.

Du Pont's thrust was a crafty blending of poll data that show voters perceiving Bush as a vague, visionless, wimpy follower. By telling du Pont where to get off, Bush showed he could play the tough guy. His sarcastic "Pierre, let me help you" was the evening's knockout punch, the equivalent of Reagan's "there you go again" in the 1980 debate with Jimmy Carter. As it happens, Reagan's 1980 "there you go again" crack had come in response to Carter's (correct) accusation that Reagan had advocated making Social Security voluntary—precisely the idea, suitably updated, that du Pont has made the centerpiece of his 1988 campaign. By attacking du Pont on this issue, Bush implicitly attacked Reagan—not Reagan himself, but the side of Reaganism that voters find least appealing in the light of the stock market crash and the intimations of hard times to come. Thus Bush may have helped to free himself from his president's increasingly palsied grasp.

Bush made his share of foolish statements too, mostly about taxes, but in that company he was not likely to be called on them. "As president," he pledged,"I will not raise taxes." Seconds later he added (referring to the efforts of Dole and other congressional leaders to reach a budget compromise), "I think it's right to do what Bob's engaged in. I think it's time to lay partisan politics aside, get it solved, and then as president not raise taxes." That is, it's OK to raise taxes between now and January 20, 1989, but not OK between January 20, 1989, and January 20, 1993. And the list of Bush priorities that began with education and arms control ended with this voodoo prayer: "reducing the capital gains [tax] rate to add $5 billion worth of income for the federal government." Say what?

PAT ROBERTSON did better than expected, mostly by chuckling a lot and going easy on the Bible-thumping. He invoked his friend God only in his closing statement, which was calculated to reassure. "The first thing we've got to do in America is get back to basics," he said. "And many of the things are not governmental solutions. We can't make through government husbands love their wives, or wives love their husbands, or families bring up their children as law-abiding, God-fearing citizens. That's got to be done in the private sector." "The private sector" is a curious way to evoke the sanctity of the hearth. It sounds a bit like the plan is to contract out bedroom-snooping to the business community. (Moralco, Inc.?) Nevertheless, the point was made.

Yet for all his attempts to seem normal, the Howdy Doody-faced evangelist did contribute the debate's one moment of transcendent lunacy. It came when Robertson advanced the theory that banning abortion is the solution to the problem of financing Social Security:

> We've got a true genetic problem in these United States of a magnitude beyond what we could conceive of. By the year 2020 we're going to be running out of workers. There won't be enough to support the retirees. As a matter of fact by the year 2000 we will have aborted 40 million children in this country. Their work product by the year 2020 will amount to $1.4 trillion, the taxes from them would amount to $330 billion, and they could ensure the fiscal stability of the Social Security system, which is going to be near bankrupt by the year 2015.

Robertson promised to address the Social Security crisis by vetoing all federal funding for Planned Parenthood.

The press gave Bob Dole lousy marks; "lackluster" and "tranquilized" were among the unkinder cuts. But then, as noted, Dole was trapped in an "expectations" double bind. That's something he'll just have to wait out. Meanwhile, even as he referred to his rivals as "all these fine candidates," he managed to convey a (to me) attractive impatience with the low company he was being forced to keep. He showed a similar subtle scorn for some of the positions he apparently believes himself obliged to take. "I'm a strong supporter of SDI, and I think we're making progress," one Dole observation began. "We know that the Russians are spending millions or maybe billions of dollars on the same thing. In fact we get recent reports that they may be catching up, or whatever." That "or whatever" was a nice contemptuous touch. But Dole used most of his time to construct a persona—laconic, plain-spoken, occasionally witty—that seems built for the long haul. His savage side, made famous by his 1976 vice presidential debate with Walter Mondale, came through only once. Haig had just started talking when Dole interrupted with a cutting "Tell that joke, Al, about Haig & Haig." Poor Haig could think only to reply, gamely but lamely, "I'm going to do

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that." Sure enough, the general then told his joke: "Beware of Dole & Dole, it's only watered-down pineapple juice. Haig & Haig is the real McCoy." Not bad, even if the punchline lacked surprise.

Du Pont insisted repeatedly that giving drug tests to teenagers applying for driver's licenses would "drive drugs out of our children's classrooms," a dubious proposition for inner cities, where cars are as rare as drugs are common. The fifth candidate, Kemp, stuck to hybrid rhetoric (he described his ideas as "progressive conservative"—who says nobody buys Canadian exports?) and ultra-Reaganite pieties (no taxes, no budget compromises, quick SDI deployment). Kemp's best moment, like Bush's, came when he attacked du Pont's Social Security scheme. "An absolute falsity," he called it, going on to accuse du Pont of stealing Kemp's own ball and running away with it: "Frankly, Pete, we don't know exactly which libertarian or market-oriented solution you're going to come up with next."

BUCKLEY AND his producers deserve praise for designing a format for televised debates that is the best yet. Opening with an offbeat question (Whose portraits would you hang in the Cabinet Room?) to which the participants had been alerted in advance gave them a chance to relax. Using intermittent taped segments—90-second self-portraits by the candidates and snippets from old "Firing Line" shows—varied the pace. Abjuring the usual unwieldy panels of journalists and lines of citizens at microphones kept the atmosphere brisk and informal.

But in contrast to the "Firing Line" Democratic debate in July, the Republican debate was a love-in. Buckley had peppered the Democrats with sarcastic questions, baited them enthusiastically, and interrupted them with debater's points of his own. With the Republicans, he was at pains to help them look their best. Robert Strauss, who is the sort of Democrat Republicans like, was scarcely less polite. Consider some questions that went unasked: Mr. Bush, David Stockman has written that the budget deficit was created deliberately to generate political pressure for dismantling the welfare state. Were you aware of this? If not, why not? If so, why did you go along with it? Mr. Dole, you support *contra* aid, criticize the Arias plan, and have said there's nothing wrong with Nicaragua that a little U.S. invasion wouldn't cure. For how many years are you prepared to keep the *contra* war going? Under what circumstances do you favor an invasion? Mr. Kemp, whom do you blame for the Reagan administration's secret sale of arms to the Khomeini government in Iran? On this firing line, the squad was shooting blanks.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

With this article, Hendrik "Rick" Hertzberg rejoins TNR as a special political correspondent for the 1988 election. Hertzberg was editor of TNR from 1981 through 1984. He was chief speechwriter for President Carter, and has been a staff writer for *Newsweek* and the *New Yorker*.

THE MONEY CULTURE

WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO RICH PEOPLE

UNTIL RECENTLY, a case could be made that the investment bank of the 1980s had created a new species of American office worker who, at no great risk to himself, and with no special skill or preparation, got very rich, very young. It's a tempting thought. And many shared it. One-third of the graduates of the Harvard Business School this decade have become investment bankers, up from 12 percent in the '70s. Outside the jammed offices of Ivy League career services, lines form in the snow of students willing to freeze just to meet somebody from Goldman, Sachs.

If you were one of last year's lucky winners, you are sitting in a training program at Salomon Brothers, First Boston, or Goldman, Sachs, wondering if you still have a job. You know, because your employers have reminded you, that Wall Street is awash in warm bodies that can replace you if you ever became a drain on profits. And you have heard about the horror show that recently played to a full, trembling house in the London office of Salomon Brothers.

It was on a Friday morning. One in five Salomon bankers was about to be canned. Management had not told them so directly, but had leaked it to the press. Salomon Brothers' staff read about its collective career prospects in the *Wall Street Journal*, section two, page one. No one knew exactly who was going to bite the dust. Hundreds of investment bankers sat twitching, literally in the dark, since a hurricane the previous night had blown out the lights in central London.

When the cut finally came, it was swift, cruel, and hypocritical. Being sacked did not reflect badly on one's professional ability, sackees were told. It was just something that had to be done, like an appendectomy. As the appendix left the operating room, either stunned or in tears, he was met by a waiting security guard who told him in effect that he was trespassing. He was to hand over his security pass, and leave.

It was an indignity for which the Harvard Business School had left one ill-prepared, though when an investment banker is fired it is understood he is to clear out immediately—no loitering around to say goodbye, no reminiscing about old hostile takeovers, no misty-eyed reflections on that big sale of IBM bonds. There may be golden handshakes, but there are no gold wristwatches. This is just as well. The presence of the fired is as awkward in a hyperachieving investment bank as the presence of the runners-up after the Miss America contest.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Chemical Bank was using a finer blade to cut 18 percent of its staff. Young traders spending a day with clients at a go-cart track called in to see whether bond prices were up and learned instead that they no longer had jobs. Chemical's commercial-bank

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management was unprepared for the effect on investment banking egos. One fired Chemical banker was told by the personnel department on his way out the door that the company Porsche should be returned soon. The next morning he drove the Porsche onto the sidewalk in front of the bank and parked it flush against the front door. He then turned on the car alarm, locked the door, and threw the key into the Thames.

While the Porsche keys sank into the river silt in London, entire trading departments were booted out onto the street in New York, illustrating that the market for financial people is as global as the financial markets themselves. Salomon, along with its London cuts, fired its New York money-market and municipal finance departments. A wide swath of Salomon's normally loud New York trading floor is now eerily silent. Inspirational signs still hang over empty money-market seats: "Eat Stress For Breakfast," reads one. Pictures of girlfriends and private messages remain taped to the trading positions. Scribbled over the empty seat of a redundant female trader is her view that "Men who call women sweetheart, baby, or honey should have their tiny little peckers cut off."

If it is dangerous, as John Kenneth Galbraith has argued, for these people to be at large, watch out. Shearson Lehman and L. F. Rothschild have already fired people, and Goldman, Sachs, which is, as ever, private about its problems, is said to be undergoing a global review of its business, with an eye to chopping off weak limbs. Even at Morgan Stanley, which unlike most of Wall Street is still highly profitable, the joke is: What's the difference between Salomon Brothers and Morgan Stanley? About six months.

The crash of the stock market is not to blame for the layoffs—just the opposite. There would have been even more cuts if the market had *not* collapsed. Collapse brought an increase in business that always accompanies stock market volatility. Previously redundant employees were suddenly useful hands on the deck during the storm. What is driving the cuts isn't anything so ephemeral as bad markets. It is the mind-boggling growth of investment banks.

That growth began when people like Salomon Brothers chairman John Gutfreund decided that American investment banks had to be either "global" or "niche" players. Being global involved, possibly, doing unprofitable business, because it meant providing all services. If you had told Gutfreund six months ago that he soon wouldn't have a money-market department, he would probably have laughed you off his trading floor. Global meant one dealt in money markets, and in so doing harnessed that mythical corporate force: synergy. When a big institution like the IBM pension fund moved money, a bank wanted to be able to accommodate both sides of the transaction. The money-market business was low margin, but the stock market business was fat, and the old wisdom had it that a bank was less likely to do the one without the other.

Then the global investment banks began to lose money and the old wisdom flew out the window. Being global is a concept that changes daily, said Salomon Brothers president Tom Strauss when he announced the cuts. Salomon and others will no longer stand money losers, global or otherwise. The irony is that just after Salomon cut its money-market people, the stock market crashed, and there was a panicky rush of funds into money markets. One Salomon trader griped, "We missed billions of dollars of lucrative business in one day because we didn't have a money-market business any longer."

Why did a previously profitable business all of a sudden become unprofitable? Competition. American commercial banks and Japanese security houses are the villains. Neither of these new competitors pays their employees anything near what American investment bankers receive. A Japanese banker, as a rule of thumb, earns his age times a thousand U.S. dollars. The commercial banks, used to living with much lower returns on capital, effectively spoiled the municipal market for the likes of Salomon by driving down profit margins. The Japanese, who have money to burn, have similarly spoiled the Euromarkets. Like autoworkers and steelworkers, investment bankers are losing their more exalted version of the American dream because there are people willing to do the same job for much less pay.

The tragedy of the redundant investment bankers is that, by their own admission, they don't know how to do anything else. Sure, there is the odd lawyer, engineer, or even doctor who trickled into investment banks after learning it paid three times more to sell bonds than to try cases, build bridges, or transplant kidneys. But most investment bankers have never been anything else, and are at a loss for alternatives.

And because they've been so fortunate till now, they don't even get much sympathy. When a steelworker is fired, friends gather round—perhaps handing him Rabbi Harold Kushner's *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*—and shake heads together at the injustices of this world. When an investment banker is fired . . . well, nobody's quite sure what to feel. Possibly glee. *When Bad Things Happen to Rich People* hasn't yet been written.

Euphoria has been the general response of the media. In England, the *Independent* has dubbed Salomon Brothers the Hungerford Brothers, in reference to a recent mass murder in the English town of that name. The *Spectator* labeled the victims "puppies" (Previously Urban Professionals). And journalists in City of London restaurants have been overheard ordering "Smoked Salomon," then laughing at their own joke.

Investment bankers are supposed to be prepared for their own undoing, but they aren't. From what I have seen, young investment bankers haven't been stuffing their fat bonuses into bank accounts. They've been spending it as fast as it comes in. The Harvard Business School textbooks say that one reason American investment bankers have been so highly paid is to compensate them for low job security. But this was only theory. Nobody took it to heart.

DIANA BLEEKER

Diana Bleeker (a pseudonym) writes often on business matters.

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How the stars get to pick the president.

THE HOLLYWOOD PRIMARY

BY RONALD BROWNSTEIN

Los Angeles

One crisp evening this September, Governor Michael Dukakis found himself in the living room of a private home patiently listening to a local activist dismiss the entire profession to which he belongs. "I talk to a lot of you guys," she said in a voice dripping with worldly skepticism, "and it's always, 'This is what I'm going to do when I get in.' Then when you get in there, it's always something else that you do." Dukakis tried to mollify her. He offered to send her a book explaining his record on the homeless. She said she'd like to see it. Then, barely a breath later, she asked what he was going to do about apartheid.

Another night pandering to the legendarily self-important voters of Iowa? Actually, this encounter took place in the palatial home of a Hollywood producer and his studio executive wife. The skeptical voter was Whoopi Goldberg, the actress, who is at least as uninhibited offstage as on. When a local television reporter asked for her reaction to Dukakis, Goldberg glared directly into the camera and said, "If you don't turn that shit off, I'm just going to say the F word all the time and you won't be able to use any of it."

Goldberg is more direct than most, but it is not uncommon here for senators and governors to have their views assailed by actors, producers, rock stars, and comedians. Dukakis received more of the same treatment the next night when he fielded pointed questions from Jane Fonda, Donna Mills, Harry Hamlin, Ally Sheedy, Ed Asner, and a dozen other television and movie stars over Mexican food and cocktails at the home of actress Sally Field, his most prominent Hollywood supporter.

Familiarity has peeled away the awe from presidential politics in Los Angeles, much as it has in the early primary states, where the candidates seem to turn up at coffee shops and church socials every weekend—and voters get offended when they don't. Los Angeles is the Iowa of money, and what might be called the Hollywood primary has become a crucial early hurdle, especially for Democrats, in the long presidential race. As with Iowa activists, Hollywood donors expect to meet each candidate at least once, and expect the candidate to remember their name the second time. And the idiosyncratic concerns of Hollywood get the same kid-glove treatment as the idiosyncratic concerns of Iowa.

The candidates smile through all this in Iowa because the Iowa caucus can effectively end a campaign. They put up with it in Los Angeles because the Hollywood primary helps decide which campaigns get going at all. In 1984 Democratic presidential candidates raised more money in California than in any other state. San Francisco is lucrative enough, but probably about two-thirds of the state's liberal money comes out of the Los Angeles sprawl. Republicans can raise huge sums here too, as Senator Robert Dole of Kansas demonstrated in late October by collecting a record-setting $1.1 million on a single evening at the Century Plaza hotel.

Money defines Los Angeles's political culture; no one here can play a significant role in national politics without either raising it or giving it. When candidates come to Los Angeles, money is all they see. They spend virtually all of their time courting affluent fund-raisers in elegant homes the size of college dormitories. The rest of the city—its huge and diverse black, Asian, and Hispanic communities—barely exists. Democrats concentrate on the affluent and fashionable Westside, from Hollywood to Beverly Hills to Santa Monica, the home of the city's entertainment and Jewish communities, the core of liberal Los Angeles; Republicans troll among executives in the financial, aerospace, and energy companies that dominate the city's business establishment, and in the conservative suburbs of Orange County (though Dole made some unusual inroads into the entertainment industry).

With each passing election, the local donors have grown more conscious of their importance to the candidates, which has increased their demands for attention. The trend is most acute on the Democratic side. A strong Republican can raise money almost anywhere. (George Bush, for example, has raised more money than any of the Democrats in California, though California is only his third-best fund-raising state.) But liberal Democrats with Republican-size wallets are harder to find, and Hollywood has the densest concentration. Though they moan about unreasonable demands, the candidates come as often as possible, and most of them check their pride at the airport.

In some ways, the Hollywood primary pushes the party in the same direction as Iowa. In both places Democrats are competing for the hearts of a very sophisticated and liberal bunch. A trinity of issues loosens the purse strings of Los Angeles liberals: opposition to restrictions on abortion, intense support for nuclear arms control, and resistance to the *contras*. These are the same matters that stir the faithful in Iowa. Of course, Iowa and Hollywood

continued on page 22

Ronald Brownstein is a political writer based in Los Angeles.

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WE COULDN'T MAKE IT EASY FOR HIM TO REACH THE FINISH LINE. JUST THE STARTING LINE.

It isn't easy for many Special Olympians to run 100 yards. Much less fly 1,000 miles.

They have the spirit, the dedication, and the will needed for running. But flying takes something mentally retarded people may be short of. Money.

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The airlift, organized by our Cessna Aircraft Company, flew more than 900 Special Olympians and their coaches from 12 states to South Bend, Indiana, to compete in the Seventh International Summer Games. The Special Olympians competed there for a full week.

Then the airlift fleet of Citations returned to pick them up and fly them home.

A Cessna Citation jet takes off on a business mission every minute of every day. That's testimony to the quality of our jets.

But 130 companies decided to set aside business missions in favor of one that is more important. Special Olympics.

And we think that's testimony to the quality of our customers.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

A Strong Company For A Strong Country

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have their differences. When they come calling on the Westside, the candidates don't spend much time on the bread-and-butter economic issues that concern blue-collar towns like Ottumwa and Cedar Rapids and Fort Dodge. In the breathtaking canyons of West Los Angeles, those matters seem remote.

IF POLITICIANS privately bitch about the demands of L.A. donors, the donors also bitch about the demands of the candidates. In truth, the system exhausts both sides. During the 1986 campaign, Democratic Senate candidates descended on Los Angeles like some well-dressed biblical plague. The invasion left many Westside donors contemplating the unlisting of their phone numbers. And as soon as the Senate candidates departed, the presidential hopefuls moved in, making calls, asking for help, organizing dinners. Close behind came yet another crop of candidates, some building their treasuries for 1988, others breaking ground on their dreams of grander things to come.

"A typical congressman comes in and he says, 'I'm in a tough race, I've been targeted by the Republicans, can you raise me $10,000,' " said developer David Stein, a major fund-raiser in Gary Hart's 1984 presidential campaign, one afternoon in the beach club of an oceanfront complex of luxury homes and hotels he is developing. "On the other hand, a guy who is thinking about running for president in four, eight, twelve years calls you up and says, 'You want to go camping?' "

Both worn out and pumped up by all the attention, Los Angeles's liberal donors added a new element to the courting process this year. Like every group large enough to have a letterhead in Iowa, the key powers in the Hollywood money primary have organized themselves and demanded that the candidates make themselves available for private review. Nothing comparable exists on the Republican side, probably because Dole and Bush have the stature to reject such demands. Both of the Republican front-runners raise money here surgically: they fly in, collect a small fortune in an evening, and count it on the plane.

The most prominent series of Democratic screening sessions was organized by Norman Lear, the veteran TV producer ("All in the Family") and liberal activist (People for the American Way). To these dinners, Lear and his friend Stanley Sheinbaum, a wealthy economist and Democratic activist, invited a revolving group of A-list entertainment industry figures, such as Barry Diller, the chairman of 20th Century-Fox, television producer Gary David Goldberg ("Family Ties"), and rock star Don Henley (the ex-Eagle); veteran Democratic donors, such as songwriters Marilyn and Alan Bergman; and younger fund-raisers, led by investor and producer Ted Field, an heir to the Marshall Field fortune who migrated from Chicago to sunnier climes.

When Lear dangled his guest list before the candidates, none of them turned him down, even though they knew in advance that the evening would produce no money directly, but only an audience with people who might, if moved, later help them raise some.

The sessions followed a pattern. After an elegant meal, and a short speech, the presidential hopefuls found themselves surrounded by a group of extraordinarily wealthy people, many of whom carried themselves like Ivy League admissions officers reviewing promising, but unfinished, high school seniors. The questioning wasn't hostile but rather skeptical, as though the audience doubted that these governors and senators were as serious about public affairs as they were. Some candidates found an occasional question naive, but most thought the group was well-informed—if generally purist in their sharply voiced liberal views and isolated by distance, circumstance, and ideology from the realities of political deal-making.

Besides Lear's group, the candidates also had to face the Hollywood Women's Political Committee, a stern and serious group of liberal women with a clear idea of what the Democratic Party ought to be and not much patience for politicians who don't share it. The reason candidates care what this group of attorneys, producers, actresses, and agents thinks is simple enough: they have demonstrated an extraordinary facility for raising money. Last fall the group launched itself into the fund-raising firmament by organizing the splashy, $1.5 million fund-raiser for Democratic Senate candidates at Barbra Streisand's Malibu home. It isn't likely that the group could do anything remotely so spectacular during the primary season—for that matter, it probably won't even endorse any of the contenders—but none of the candidates wanted to take a chance of offending them. So they all made themselves available for three hours of questioning. Dukakis even came back for a second round when his schedule forced him to cut short his first session.

MANY HOLLYWOOD activists feel it's not just money that gives them the right to demand the undivided attention of the candidates. "The participants in these kinds of sessions think . . . that they are dominant forces in the culture. And if they are dominant forces in the culture, they say to themselves, why not in the political culture too?" said Anthony T. Podesta, founding president of People for the American Way, the lobbying group launched by Lear, who is a regular at the Lear dinners. Lear himself is as aw-shucks as an Iowa county chairman in explaining his motive: "I am going to vote in this election . . . and I wanted to know as much as I could about each of these people who are courting my vote."

For some participants there's a crasser motive too. Although Lear didn't necessarily plan it that way, his dinners inevitably became a hot ticket. For Washingtonians used to dodging dreary dinners with politicians, that may be hard to comprehend. But in Hollywood, what seems glamorous to Washington's grindingly diligent political and public-policy junkies—money, backyard tennis courts, beach houses in Malibu—is almost embarrassingly abundant.

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What's rare is power and prestige that survive longer than the average sitcom. To Hollywood, it's dinner with a politician that seems glamorous.

In practice, these private sessions with the candidates resemble an older Hollywood tradition: the advance screening for the sophisticated tastemakers that launches (or sinks) a new movie. Word on a candidate's performance radiates out from the chosen inner circle along ever-broadening avenues of money and influence. The cultural tastemakers became political tastemakers: Senator Joe Biden was charming but condescending . . . Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton (who later decided not to run) seemed naive about foreign affairs . . . Dukakis was brisk and self-confident, verging on smug. "Money and approval" are what bring the candidates to his house, Lear believes. "They are," he said, "in a word-of-mouth business too."

The candidates know the value of good word of mouth. But even the most glowing reviews don't pay their bills. As the courting season extended beyond its traditional boundaries, dragging even into the busy months of the early fall, the candidates grew increasingly impatient. Biden (before he was forced from the race) and Dukakis both collected significant sums in Los Angeles, but most of the candidates left town muttering about the donors' refusal to commit. By the early fall the L.A. fund-raising scene was like the early "Moonlighting": all foreplay, no consummation. According to one fund-raiser, "The candidates keep asking, 'Where are the checks? Where are the checks?' "

ONE REASON the checks are slow in coming may be that Hollywood's favorite candidate has dropped out. Gary Hart's Western appearance, his orientation toward the future, and his celebration of the new all allowed him to raise more money in California than anywhere else, including his home state of Colorado. Many of Hart's supporters had hoped that his success in the macropolitics of the nation would propel them in the micropolitics of Los Angeles. Patricia Duff Medavoy, one of his local campaign workers, described them as "people who wanted to get plugged in but may not have had the clout of Barry Diller."

In 1984 Hart was an outsider and his team members were neophytes. As he became the front-runner, his early supporters advanced too, from the periphery to the center of political power. To his Los Angeles supporters Hart represented not only generational change in the abstract but a very real transfer of local influence and power. John B. Emerson, a young attorney who ran Hart's successful 1984 California campaign, was moving up to Denver as deputy campaign manager; that opened the door for Rick Allen, his law school classmate, to run his first statewide campaign. Medavoy was getting a chance to organize celebrities and raise money outside of the shadow of her husband, Mike, a senior Orion Pictures executive who helped Hart in 1984 but had pulled back to concentrate on business. With the 1988 race, they were all arriving, and they knew it. One California activist remembers seeing Hart, Emerson, and Allen stepping jauntily out of a car, all wearing sharp suits and dark sunglasses, walking with the swagger of men who were certain that their time had come.

When Hart collapsed, Emerson, with political ambitions of his own, began thinking of ways to hold together the Hart network in California. The weekend after the campaign died, Emerson and Allen barnstormed the state, holding meetings with Hart supporters, and came back convinced that Hart's statewide political organization could continue without the candidate. Not everyone agreed with the assessment. But there was a strong sense that the relationships they had established with each other were as important as their relationship with Hart. For Hart's most sophisticated supporters, as for the guests at Norman Lear's table, the presidential race is as much a means as an end. Very few fund-raisers here can expect any kind of direct reward from their candidate even if he takes the White House. Far more important are the social and political relationships, connections, and reputations they build in the campaign.

And so, the Westside supporters of Gary Hart set out to audition the presidential candidates, just as Lear and the Hollywood women were doing. Inevitably, the presidential candidates trudged to these screening sessions too, though their advisers held differing views on how much the Hart corpus in Los Angeles was worth. Patricia Medavoy was widely considered skilled at attracting Hollywood celebrities into campaigns. Danny Goldberg, a personal manager for rock stars, had the recording industry contacts to organize significant benefit concerts. Candidates who couldn't name a rock group this side of the Beatles had trouble putting a price on that kind of support.

THE CANDIDATES and their aides understand the social importance of the Hollywood primary, and some feel that their campaigns are being used to gratify egos and convey status in L.A. "I find it offensive," said a top fund-raiser for one candidate (who nevertheless made the rounds from group to group). "Who are these ten or twelve people? Who the hell are they? Why should somebody who is running for president talk to them?" Before, and after, he left the race, Hart expressed similar opinions.

That all of the Democratic candidates subjected themselves to these reviews anyway is another reminder of how little national stature any of them brings to the race. The result of their abjection is another. So far, despite all those hours on bended knee, only Dukakis has won over many of the Hollywood money barons. Lear says, "I wish somewhere there was a little less cool and a little more personal passion." With the first vote now only three months away, many of the key Los Angeles money players still can't quite get excited about any of the Democratic candidates. That's something else Hollywood shares with Iowa. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Figures of Fate

"It's not me who is crying. It's my eyes that are crying." So says Ugolin, the young Provençal farmer in *Jean de Florette* (reviewed July 6) when his and his uncle's machinations cause the death of a neighboring farmer. The whirligig of time brings in revenges. In *Manon of the Spring*, the completion of the two-part film work derived from a Marcel Pagnol novel, Ugolin really cries.

Manon of the Spring
(Orion Classics)
The Glass Menagerie
(Cineplex Odeon)

There's no point in pretending that *Manon* can be seen independently. Its shape and force depend on the viewer's awareness of what went before. The past is briefly summarized in the course of the film but only as it's essential to the present action. In any case, the summary is no substitute for having "lived through" that past. The diptych is worth the trouble; together, the two films are a robust, moving experience.

Jean de Florette ends as the child Manon discovers that Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil) and his uncle Papet (Yves Montand) had known all along the location of a spring on her father's parched land. She screams—because the drought had, in effect, killed her father. Now it is ten years later. Manon, 18 or so, with some education, is living with the Italian squatters on her father's land while her mother is off working as a singer. The girl herds goats. A young schoolteacher in the village is an amateur geologist who wanders the hills. The young folks encounter—and that line of the story is foretold.

More to the grim point, Ugolin too sees Manon (Emmanuelle Béart)—apparently she has returned to the neighborhood only recently—and the grubby, unattractive farmer also falls in love. His uncle has been urging him to marry and beget an heir to the family fortune, but Papet is surprised now by the fervor of Ugolin's love. The young farmer is so primally smitten that, when he finds a ribbon that Manon has dropped, he sews it to his nipple. Manon is repelled by his interest in her, not only because of his person but because of his part in her father's death. Accidentally she discovers a way to block Ugolin's water supply—and that of the whole village. She renders them all desperate.

Retributions are worked out in a way that honors Walter Scott. Some of them are brought about directly by Manon, some by the workings of fate, such as Ugolin's precipitous plunge into love. In the most powerful scene in both films, an old blind woman, a figure straight from the heart of 19th-century romance, tells Papet the terrible truth of how he has unwittingly frustrated his own wish for an heir and has wrecked all that was most dear to him. Montand, superb as Papet throughout, plays this scene exquisitely. He listens, as his life and hopes fall around him in fragments, smiling a little, nodding a little, seeing the reverse side of the qualities in himself of which he had been proud, seeing that every quality *has* a reverse side and that this is his bitter moment to realize it. He then goes home, dresses in his best suit, and lies down on his bed to die. He doesn't poison or shoot himself. He lies down to die, and in the morning he is dead. It is his last proud assertion of will.

Claude Berri directed this scene and the blind-woman scene with, figuratively, the same tight-lipped strength. The old woman, in her scene, is in the foreground in profile, Montand on the other side of her in profile. No full face shots, no "starring" of Montand. Then the old woman leaves, and the stubborn old man, still seated on the bench in the village street, continues to nod and smile. His silence adds to the unheard tumult.

Berri has handled the whole film well. The opening shot is of the village carpenter in the street outside his shop, making a coffin: the flow of time and an augury of this story are both in that shot. Manon's "entrance" is skillfully done. We see her goats, then she hurries through, visible only from the waist down, and climbs swiftly up a tree, to hide from an approaching stranger. We haven't seen her since she was a child: this device both teases us and tells us something about her. Time lapses are simple and clear. Near the end of the film a farmer is raking brush—autumn foliage—and the camera follows him until we see Montand, his mustache now gray.

Two questions were bothersome in *Jean de Florette*. Why the lush score? *Manon* only aggravates this question. The second concerns plot. A local man saw how Papet and Ugolin deprived their newcomer neighbor of water; why didn't the witness tell the new farmer? This *is* answered here: it was local clannishness turned against the newcomer. But *Manon* itself leaves two questions. Why couldn't the locals, who know the region well, have discovered what Manon did to their water supply? And since—near the end—she publicly charges Ugolin and Papet with her father's death, why couldn't she have done it earlier?

Nonetheless this double work grips and keeps gripping. What holds it on course throughout, beyond the direction

FILMS WORTH SEEING

House of Games. David Mamet directs his own screenplay, a seemingly realistic but beautifully abstract drama of visible and invisible deceits. First class. (Reviewed 11/16/87)

Theme. Exceptional candor and delicacy in this Soviet film about a successful middle-aged playwright and his midlife crisis. Directing and acting of high order. (10/26/87)

The Whistle Blower. In the flood of espionage thrillers, one that is well written and directed. Michael Caine is fine as a father drawn into the Intelligence world because of his son. (8/10&17/87)

Wish You Were Here. A newcomer, Emily Lloyd, comic and caustic as a headstrong teenager who makes trouble for everyone, herself included. An English seaside town, 1951, vividly depicted. (8/3/87)

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and the excellent performances, is a basic conviction in the idea of the novel as a form, even more than a conviction about this film rendition of a novel. Berri and script collaborator Gerald Brach seemingly subscribe to a pre-postmodernist—pre-modernist—view of the novel. An old French literary anecdote recounts that, at the turn of the century, a Parisian critic wrote a long article pronouncing the death of naturalism. Another critic, away from Paris at the time, heard of the forthcoming article and sent the first man a telegram: "Naturalism not dead. Letter follows." These two films deliver a lengthier but comparable message: "Humanism not dead. Sit down for four hours, and we'll prove it." *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring* are proof indeed.

Those two films show, among other matters, how a novel—one kind, anyway—can be recreated on the screen. *The Glass Menagerie* shows how one kind of play cannot be recreated on the screen. No screen adapter is given credit, which seems right. Paul Newman, who directed, took the Tennessee Williams play sequentially, leaving the dialogue almost intact, merely articulating the original into shots and sequences as he went along.

The result, formally, is disastrous. William's "memory play" is something like Laura's menagerie, a collection of objects made fragile by time and meant to be viewed within their cabinet—the embrace of a stage, proscenium or otherwise. The alteration of that spatial relationship is very damaging. The structural change into shots and countershots betrays the shape of the play, no matter how faithful one is to the dialogue. Moreover, Newman has shot in close-up a great deal, which changes the moonlit-memory aspect of the play into kitchen-sink drama. The film almost becomes a Chayefsky opus about a daffy, nagging mother, her limping daughter, and her shiftless son. This is literally true, of course, but the literalness squeezes the poignancy out of the son's remembrance of those days, his sense of what they did to and for him. This usurpation of mood by detail is heightened through Tony Walton's designs, which are dominated by depressing golden-brown wallpaper.

The cast is inadequate. Joanne Woodward, the mother, is an earnest mechanic. She's intelligent and careful, but nothing wells out of her, everything is made. John Malkovich, the son, is moderately vivid but is hindered by mannerisms that imply too high an opinion of himself. James Naughton, the Gentleman Caller, carries out designs in speech and movement that have patently been planned. Only Karen Allen, as the daughter, Laura, comes close to being satisfactory. Allen has summoned all the genteel fear of life that she could muster and uses it discreetly, sincerely. But she lacks the essential: a fragility that should touch us before she speaks a word.

Newman has directed two previous films, *Rachel Rachel* and *Harry and Son*. I didn't see the second, but I remember the first as having some fluency. This time he gives us just a filmed record of a stage production, which this was, like those TV versions of resident theater productions on PBS.

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

Kurt Weill's Deadly Sin

There were, as nearly everybody knows by now, two Kurt Weills. Both were sons of a Jewish cantor; both studied music with representatives of opposing branches of 19th-century Romanticism, Humperdinck and Busoni; both began writing prodigiously talented instrumental works at an early age; both eventually found their métier in the musical theater. But one was the German composer who by the age of 30 had achieved notoriety at the crest of the avant-garde. In collaboration with Bertolt Brecht on such works as *The Threepenny Opera* (1928), *Mahagonny* (1927-29), and *Happy End* (1929), he created some of the most sharply written, ironic, bitter, and original pieces of musical theater of this century.

The other was the Broadway composer of such legendary but now rarely heard works as *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938), *Lady in the Dark* (1940), and *One Touch of Venus*

continued on page 28

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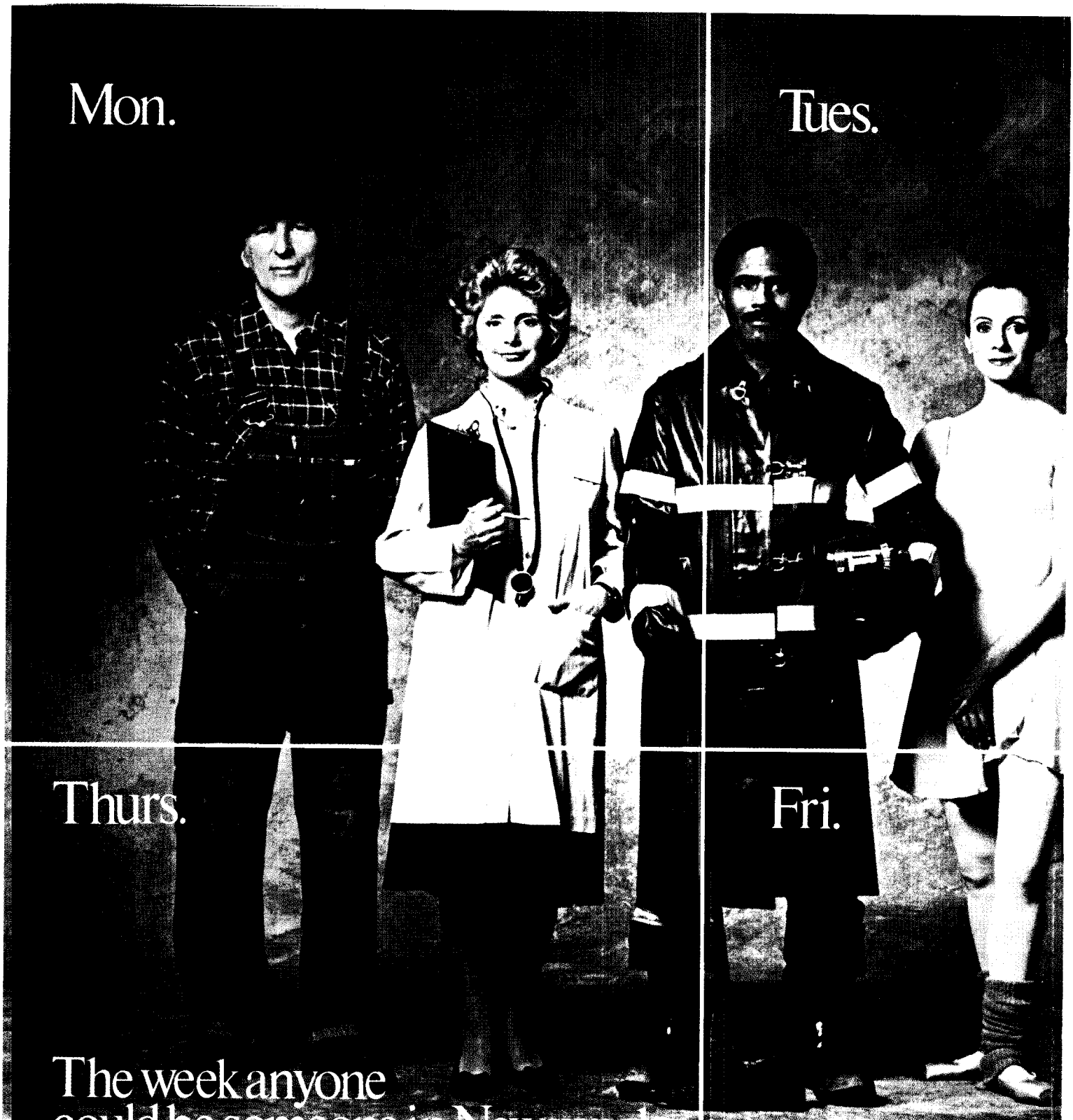

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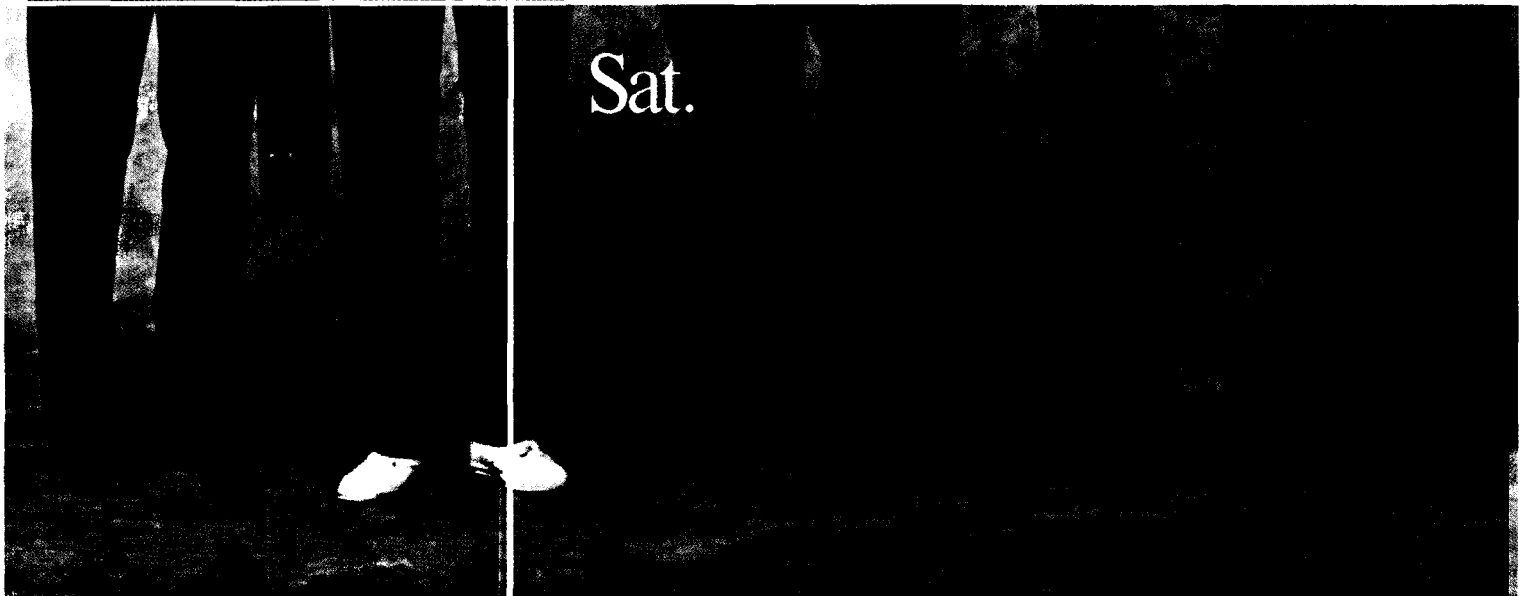

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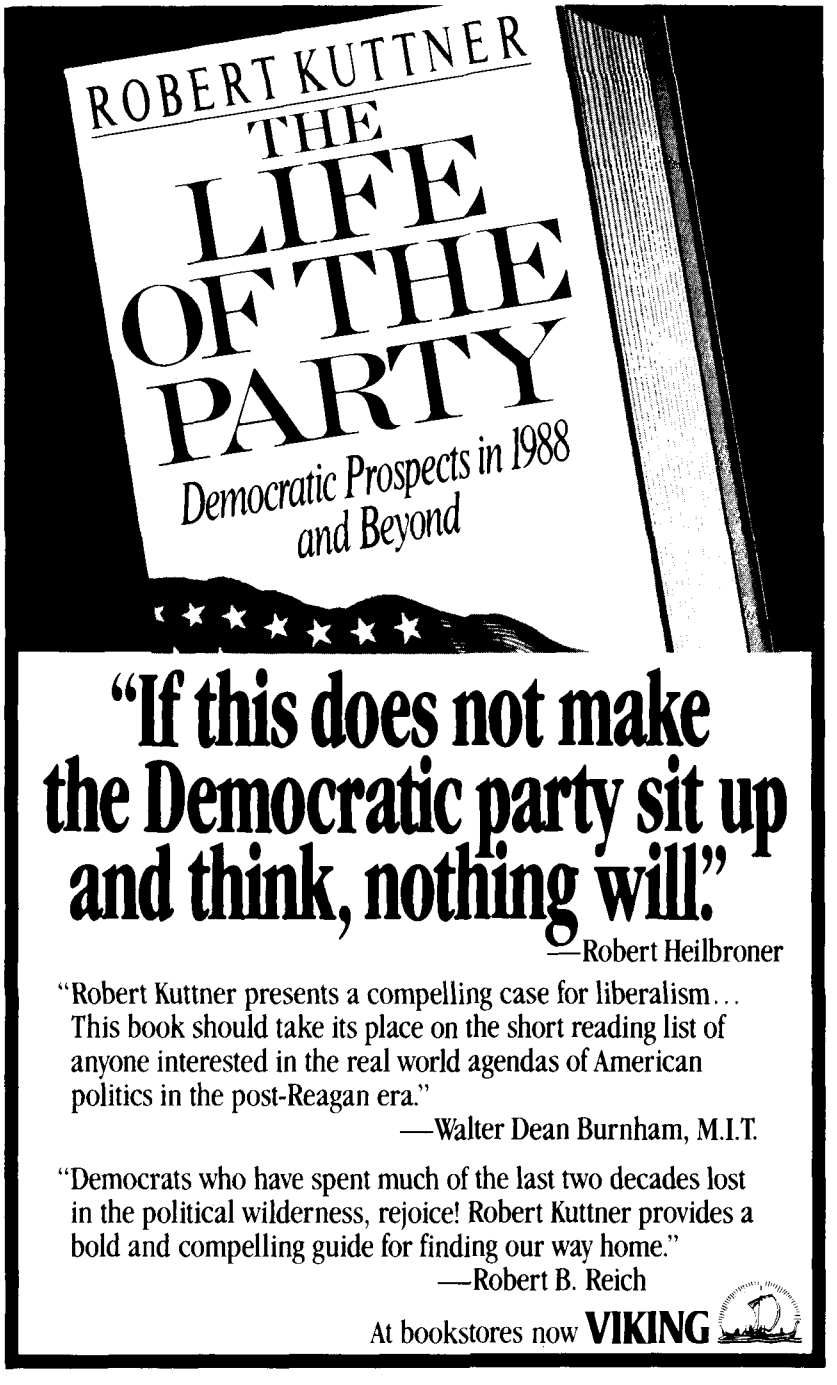
(1943), a popular tunesmith and orchestrator who turned out quite a number of hit songs and collaborated with the best writers and lyricists of the era—Moss Hart, Ira Gershwin, Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, Alan Jay Lerner. The themes of this Weill's musical theater were unabashedly sentimental: a glamorous woman finds her true love through psychotherapy, a nondescript barber manages to bring Venus to life, an eccentric tyrant named Peter Stuyvesant is converted to democracy.

The first Weill, it has been said, wrote "authentic" works with a claim on the art music world; the second "sold out" for popular success. But each has had his advocates. Maxwell Anderson, speaking of the second, claimed that "he had more to give his age than any other man I knew." Weill's friend H. H. Stuckenschmidt, a German musicologist, had another view: "Success was dearly bought by loss of quality." And that most severe composer, Arnold Schoenberg, dismissed the first, and doubtless would have damned the second too: "His is the only music in the world in which I can find no quality at all."

The second Weill was himself eager to forget the first, apparently considering the transformation of one into the other a matter unworthy of comment or attention. After Weill (yes, the only one) came to the United States in 1935 his German works were not performed here. At the time of his death in 1950, *The Threepenny Opera* didn't even appear in the assessment of his estate. Later the situation was reversed, but the distinctions appeared no less absolute. Thanks to the proselytizing of the composer's widow (and authorized interpreter), Lotte Lenya, and to the postwar Brecht revival, the German works have made their way into commercial and artistic culture, sung on McDonald's commercials and at the Met. But it is almost impossible to hear much of Weill's American music, and very difficult to hear its original orchestration. (The orchestration was Weill's own, a unique achievement among Broadway composers of the period.)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WEILL HAS lately enjoyed a revival, as admirers attempt to reconsider the whole of his career, to find in it some coherent message for our time. The celebration is partly a postmodern homage to Weill's breakdown of the boundaries between "high" and "low." "I have never acknowledged the difference between 'serious' and 'light' music," Weill said. "There is only good music and bad music." The most extreme, and distorted, example of this celebration may be a record called *Lost in the Stars* (A&M), released a few years ago, in which jazz, pop, and rock artists—from Sting to Lou Reed to John Zorn—laid claim to Weill's music by disrupting the arrangements, instrumentation, and character of his songs, turning out an anthology of banal curios.

But there is a more authentic side to the celebration as well. In the last decade there have been major revivals of the operas, including *Street Scene* (1946) and *Mahagonny*. CBS is about to issue a new recording of *Seven Deadly Sins*; a rerelease of Weill's first American musical, *Johnny Johnson* (1936), has just appeared (Polydor); and Teresa Stratas has been recording his songs on Nonesuch. Even the academy is now awakening to Weill. The musicologist David Drew, a central figure in the revival, has just finished his long-awaited biography of Weill, which he began researching 30 years ago. The Kurt Weill Foundation for Music, established by Lenya and supported by the considerable royalties from performances of Weill's work, publishes a newsletter and helps fund research and performing projects.

Most recently—and most impressively,

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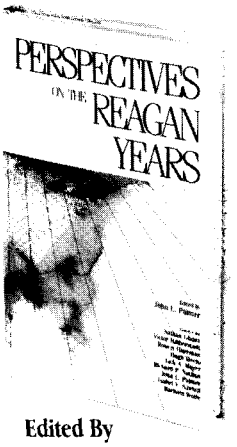
it turned out—the Hebrew Arts School at Merkin Concert Hall in New York hosted an extensive Kurt Weill festival. It attracted an international roster of performers and scholars, and included performances of early instrumental pieces, evening of cabaret songs, representative works from both periods, and scholarly lectures. The events ranged from a showbizzy tribute to Lenya (starring Shuyler Chapin, Blythe Danner, and Kitty Carlisle Hart) to a performance of Weill's father's setting of the Hebrew "En Kelohenu" (1893) from the Sabbath service. It was one of the more remarkable festivals of this or any recent season, and it helped shed some light on the relation between the two Weills—the avant-gardist and the populist, the German and the American.

AT FIRST GLANCE the demarcation seems as sharp as traditional interpretations have claimed: between the American and German Weills there were differences in ideology, in approach, and most important, in attitude toward the audience. *The Threepenny Opera*, to take the most famous example, adopted an aggressive, biting stance toward the very bourgeois world that welcomed it wildly. (Within a year of its premiere it had been performed more than 4,200 times in Europe's major capitals.) Its deliberately fractured tale about murderers, prostitutes, and middle-class morality, and its wickedly parodic music, provided the occasion for a culture to mock itself. In one of its most famous songs, a prostitute imagines her revenge against an entire city, watching the heads roll. Another song mocks a wedding, yet another jealousy, a third fidelity, a fourth trust. His next work, *Mahagonny*, was even more brutish in its programmatic punch, modern in its insolence, if not in its dissonance, as Ronald Sanders points out in his life of Weill. The audience was gibed and it responded with acclaim.

Weill's emigration from Germany in 1935 inevitably altered this relationship to his public, both because of changes in the audience and changes in the composer himself. He came to the United States to work on a project that, as the festival made clear, has been neglected in our understanding of Weill—a Jewish "pageant" called *The Eternal Road*. Meant to present the entire history of the Jews, the pageant was dreamed up by Meyer Weisgal, inspired by the rising persecution in Europe. The extravaganza (the pageant involved 5,000 performers and lasted six hours) drew on the talents of Max Reinhardt as director, Weill as composer, and Franz Werfel as writer—a curious gathering of assimilated Jews.

It demanded a stylistic and ideological transformation, forcing Weill to address a new audience for a new purpose, while also forcing him to return to his own origins; it could hardly allow the taunting of audiences he'd indulged in a few years earlier in pre-Hitler Berlin. In preparing the score, he wrote down every Jewish melody he could remember from his father in synagogue—over 200—and eliminated all those he could trace back to secular sources. The work—like the other Jewish pageants Weill later worked on, *We Will Never Die* (1943) and *A Flag is Born* (1946)—was to be devoted rather than ironic; its goal was to stir rather than attack.

This embrace of a once-ignored Jewish past was only part of Weill's self-transformation after he left Germany. He also embraced the culture he saw as distinctively American. Weill set Whitman's poetry to music, wrote the score for a railway pageant for the 1939 World's Fair, began to set the tale of Davey Crockett, and at his death was working on the story of Huckleberry Finn. He explained in an interview that



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musical drama in America would not be opera but would be connected instead to "the commercial theater," adding "I want to have a part in that development." In the early German opera *Mahagonny* there is a moment when a honky-tonk piano sweetly plays a 19th-century song that was an enormous success in its time—"A Maiden's Prayer"; the opera mocks it, along with the roughneck American who proclaims it "immortal art." A decade later, Weill did away with the irony and attempted to write such melodies—with appropriate American accents.

It is a sign of how far Weill had come that when Brecht appeared on the American scene and attempted to begin another project with Weill, the collaboration collapsed. Weill was furious at Brecht's business dealings, and in complaining to Theodor Adorno about him he deliberately attacked mandarin attitudes toward Weill's new country: "Three cheers for the American theater!"

But this transformation, seemingly so clear and distinct, becomes more ambiguous and puzzling the more one listens to the music. How avant-garde were the German works? How populist the American ones? Consider, for example, *Seven Deadly Sins*—which can be heard in a mordant CBS recording with Lotte Lenya, until the new CBS recording is released. One of Weill's last European works and his last collaboration with Brecht, this "ballet with song," choreographed in 1933 by George Balanchine, is a peculiar expressionistic tale of a split personality—Anna I and Anna II. In this piece, written in exile in Paris, Weill seems to anticipate precisely the debate over his attitudes and career that accompanied his move to America; it is a prescient chronicle of his consistent ambivalence about his art—an ambivalence that unites rather than divides his work.

Weill and Brecht send their character through an imagined America—a land of raw passion and primitive capitalism, of unbridled ambition and unstructured dreams. Anna, like Weill (and later, like Brecht), must venture into this moral wilderness to earn her fortune. The adventurous Anna II energetically works cons, dancing in a cabaret, following her own desires and sinning wantonly. But Anna I sternly preaches a calculating bourgeois message: sinning is fine, it's even necessary, but it must be harnessed and directed for the sake of success. After all, money is needed by her family, which naggingly chants its dream of building a "little house by the Mississippi in Louisiana."

The dark, disturbed music, with its echoes of the circus, the cabaret, and popular dances, not only evokes Anna II's wild adventure, but also makes Anna I's bourgeois quest suspect and dangerous. Weill means to mock bourgeois morality, but the conflict between the two Annas was actually a more ambiguous one for him. In the ballet's paean to Pride, Anna II is dancing in a cabaret; Anna I warns her "art-loving sister" that unless she curbs her pride, cuts back on the artistic ambitions, and shows some flesh, she is going to fail: "It wasn't Art that sort of people came for."

This seems precisely Weill's own conflict: between a bourgeois courtship of the audience and an anti-bourgeois pursuit of an avant-garde aesthetic. Weill may seem to have followed Anna II's course in Germany—gloriously sinning his way into the avant-garde—and Anna I's in the United States, even paying homage to his parents' voices (in Judaism) and finally buying a house in New City, New York, with the proceeds of his accomplishments; but in fact each Weill was shadowed by the other.

FOR IT was not just in America that Weill was serious about bourgeois success. In 1927 he wrote against "socially exclusive arts" and for "community-engendering" art. And Weill knew the marketability of his gifts. "I am convinced that my gift for writing a completely new kind of popular melody is absolutely unrivaled today," Weill wrote to his publisher in 1928. "If this matter were organized in a thoroughly large-scale and novel way, there is no doubt that my hit compositions could take the place of the American jazz compositions that are already somewhat passé." To the same publisher Weill called his *Threepenny* a "successful penetration of a consumer industry." Its success was no accident. Weill knew his audience and knew they wanted precisely what he was delivering.

So here was the decision of Weill I: offer *A Maiden's Prayer*, and ridicule it; attack the notion of sentiment while penning a touchingly gentle love song in *Threepenny*; end that same opera with a slightly awry but affecting chorale even as the work pulls the rug out from under faith. All is sleight of hand, resulting in a sort of emotional and intellectual imbalance and dizziness that must have seemed remarkably heady in the Berlin of the 1920s. There is a romance of irony here; one can never really touch what is happening, but believes oneself touched by it, so nostalgic does it make one for lost certainties. The works are tinged with theatrical dishonesty.

The great cabaret songs from the theater works, songs such as "Seerauber-Jenny" from *Threepenny*, or "Alabama Song" from *Mahagonny*, or "Surabaya Johnny" from *Happy End*, are haunting partly because of that awry sensibility. They often come to a halt at a moment of passion or disgust or irony, only to begin again in melancholic sweetness, as if some mask had dropped, and something once lost was distantly recalled. It takes some skill to play both sides. Lenya captured this perfectly (listen to the CBS release of the mono recordings of German songs); Stratas, though, turns it into mannerism in her latest recording (she is too sincere, operatic, milking phrases). I think such ballads are Weill's most significant legacy; they imply a collusion with the audience as well as

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Tell Jean Cocteau I love him—the only one who
plunges into the myth which lies open to him and
from which he returns tanned as from the sea-
shore. —Rilke

O tree in the waves! O auricle in the tree!
The radio waves break foaming on the shore
of our apartment. Muse, do you hear me?
A grove within the dark zone of a mirror
gives passage to the underworld, a passage
of string quartet, thorny with accidentals.
Branches erupt in static there. *Sois sage*:
even the noise, with time, becomes contrapuntal.

With time. A tree. A passage. Where can the spiral
coil but inward, music whirled to the endless
pinwheel of galaxies? The tree becomes choral,
the waves hyperbolic, and the grove windless.

The animals, with time, convene in sessions
to monitor the crystal's faint emissions.

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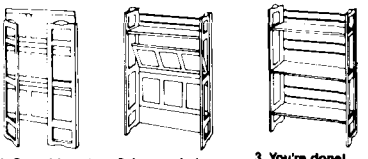

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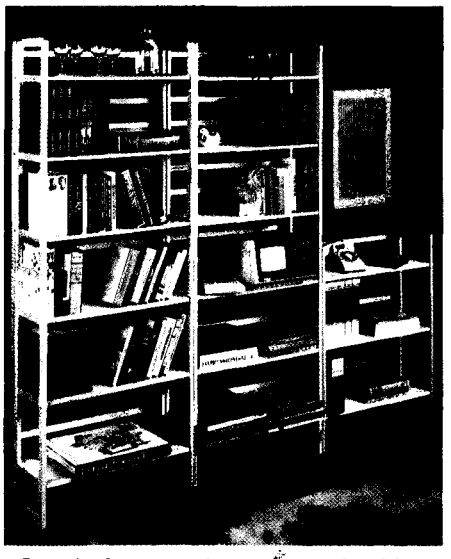

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mockery, a hint of sophistication that allows indulgence in sentiment.

In America Weill actually managed to translate this attitude rather than discard it. The changes in ideology and attitude were alterations rather than conversions. With the exception of *Johnny Johnson*—which preserves the European Weill nearly intact (and whose pacifism Weill must have regretted just a few years later as he penned "propaganda" songs for the U.S. war effort)—Weill's parody and irony is turned to serve popular theater. So one listens to these Broadway songs knowing they are "genre" songs, but finding them pleasing nonetheless. Weill found a distinctly American way to be popular: he continued to use parody of popular song styles and mannerisms, as he had in his German period, this time not to mock his listeners, but to imply a "sophisticated" perspective—a sort of snobbish populism, clubbishly kidding the audience about Broadway itself.

The habit of irony remained, but Weill wanted too much to belong to be scornful. His mocking of the bourgeoisie was transformed into the wry satire of glamour in *Lady in the Dark*, or the kidding of the petit bourgeois barber who brings Venus to life and then scares her with the prospect of suburbia in *One Touch of Venus*. The left-wing pointedness becomes an uncontroversial liberalism that his audience could identify with: *Street Scene* and the violence of tenement life; *Lost in the Stars* and the injustices of South Africa.

All this makes listening to Weill a disorienting experience. At best, his songs capture this disorientation in miniature; they are exotic, seductive, dangerous—or else charming in the way an asymmetrical face is. At worst, despite his melodic gifts, the works splinter into equal parts of cliché and irony, creating an unsettling sentimentality. When I admire the music—as in *The Threepenny Opera*—I don't trust it. When I trust it—as in *Street Scene* or *Lady in the Dark*—I don't admire it. It is music that possesses an attitude of uncommitment about itself and its listeners, suspended in ironic disbelief. In that sense a Weill revival is perfectly appropriate for our age.

The common interests of artists and censors.

THE SEDUCTION OF CENSORSHIP

BY MIKLOS HARASZTI

Budapest

Milton believed that total censorship was a fantasy, a feature only of "Atlantic and Utopian polities." Its imposition was an impossibility in the real world. In the wars of Truth, Falsehood was destined to be defeated. Censorship was a "fruitless and defective" weapon whose use would promote what it was intended to prevent. His splendid arguments, which were convincing for so long a time, have been swept away by the avalanche of totalitarian socialism in the 20th century.

Censorship is no longer a matter of simple state intervention. A new aesthetic culture has emerged in which censors and artists alike are entangled in a mutual embrace. Nor is it as distasteful as traditional critics of censorship imagine. The state is able to domesticate the artist because the artist has already made the state his home.

I was born into this new culture, and I live in a country where, for many years now, practically nothing has threatened the hegemony of state control. I consider Hungary, among all of the socialist countries, to have played the role of precursor, pointing the way toward a higher, more mature stage of what Victor Serge once called the "Regime of Directed Thought." Hungary's worldwide reputation as one of the most moderate and open of all socialist countries makes it a model, for it is both typical and more evolved than the others.

It is not that one does not encounter state meddling in the arts—the traditional form of censorship—in the socialist countries; rather, such meddling is no longer used to silence opposition to the state, but to ensure that intellectuals will more effectively perform their proper role. Moreover, such interference is felt by today's intellectuals to be less onerous than it was in the past. If one were to eavesdrop on the conversation of artists and writers as they gather for their midmorning tea at any of Hungary's country villas reserved for intellectuals, or on the chitchat of high-ranking functionary artists after an official conference, one would be surprised to hear the satisfaction with which they tell each other about their "misadventures" with the state. For censorship is the final glaze that the state applies to the work of art before approving its release to the public.

The old censorship is increasingly being superseded by something altogether new, less visible, and more dangerous. The heavy-handed methods of the past are pressed into service only when the new ones fail to function properly. That this occurs relatively rarely in Hungary testifies not to the state's liberalization, but to the growing success of more subtle means of constraint. Traditional censorship presupposes the inherent opposition of creators and censor; the new censorship strives to eliminate this antagonism. The artist and the censor—the two faces of official culture—diligently and cheerfully cultivate the gardens of art together. This new culture is the result not of raging censorship, but of its steady disappearance. Censorship professes itself to be freedom because it acts, like morality, as the common spirit of both the rulers and the ruled.

The truth is this: untouchable taboos, unlivable lives, unspeakable utterances, unformable forms, the perpetual abortion of unthinkable thoughts do not make us aesthetically sterile. The edifice of art is built out of the very barriers put before it by the state. We skillfully reshuffle the furniture around the walls of the house of art. We learn to live with discipline; we are at home with it. It is a part of us, and soon we will hunger for it because we are unable to create without it.

Most artists unfailingly celebrated the rise of socialist power as their liberator. The objection of skeptics that art pursued under these circumstances is not really art because real art cannot tolerate such circumstances is a tautology that collapses in the face of our reality. Indeed, most artists felt that the time for real art had now come. For artists born later, of course, the notion of "independent" intellectual life is a recipe for social irrelevance. They understand that the state is the guarantor of their liberation.

Miklos Haraszti is the author of *The Velvet Prison: Artists Under State Socialism* (New Republic Books), from which this essay is excerpted.

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In some socialist countries, domestic revolution brought the Communists to power straightaway; in others, the Communist Party eliminated the Western European-type democracy by relying on the forces of a foreign army. These differences had serious consequences for national feelings but did not affect the integrating power of the new system. Directed culture emerged out of society itself, whatever the language of the army happened to be. Writers and artists became the builders of directed culture without any difficulty because of their prior commitment to a planned society. By the time the Communist Party openly took power, the majority of artists were already committed to loyal service. They enthusiastically believed that their status as artists and citizens would greatly contribute to the elimination of exploitation—more of a liberation for them than a sacrifice.

Many decades have passed since our socialist societies got their start. Today, since the decline of "unnecessary" terror, art's heroic founding fathers reject most of the Stalinist period and declare that they—the propagandists—were misled. But even disappointed veterans will not give up the conviction that guarantees their future: "We have been liberated."

Intellectuals, artists, and writers were not victims of any kind of deception. On the contrary: it was they who shaped the ideas and sentiments that led to the Communist victory. "Hand-in-Hand with the People," "Join the Mainstream of History," "The Progressive Artist Must Seek Out and Create the Progressive Audience"—these were their own slogans. The style of the period, proletarian populism, was their creative—and vastly effective with respect to the workers—contribution to the propaganda of nationalization.

The prospect of nationalization filled artists with enthusiasm. They expected more than simply an end to their private misery and social helplessness. They thought: if society provides the prestige, then art can directly serve society through its humanistic relevance. Not only revolutionary artists speculated in this way. Even many authoritative figures wary of embracing the notion of commitment (Béla Bartók, for example) expected an improvement in artists' social position and an increase in their influence through state subsidy.

The nationalization of art fabulously fulfilled all these expectations. The artistic cause—the common good—was realized in "our films," "our classical and pop music," that is to say, "our art." The artist became a worker for the general good, a primus inter pares, in fact. Talent was recognized, in reality and not just in slogans, as belonging to the *whole* of society.

Who can say whether it is giving or receiving that has made the artist happier: he has been incorporated into the organization of a Great Work—the remaking of society itself. He has been rescued from his exile in the limbo of bourgeois independence. He has become an Organization Man, but even if he senses this, he sees it as a sign of his indispensability. He is locked in a warm embrace that has secured him real influence in the formation of a society based on the pursuit of rational ideals. Art's century-old dream—its social realization—has come to pass.

The idea that artists should consider the social implications of their work—indeed, that they should take responsibility for society as a whole—had previously been an eccentricity; now it became a respectable (and inescapable) duty. Society stressed this by providing funds. Personal gratitude for the elevation of art (from the cafés to the palaces

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of power) intertwined with artists' conviction that the socialist transformation was identical with their own aesthetic interests. In fact, art liberated itself by building a society that at last it could love without reservation.

The authors have been inventoried. So have the various branches and genres of art. (Critics and cultural administrators have suddenly become expert administrators; their secret wish has been granted.) Some modern genres were almost ready-made to be regulated. Filmmakers, artists in radio, in the theater, and more recently, in television were already employees of a technically and financially centralized industrial organization. But the other, more artisanal crafts did not get a bad deal either. Whatever the state included on the list of acceptable and necessary genres no longer ran the risk of disappearing for lack of a market. The state guaranteed a public. Regulation was protection. To be sure, the cocoon spun around the artist, first as a kind of frame and later as a casting mold, could interfere with artistic development. Security certainly provides a different basis for artistic development than does the risk concomitant with a free market economy. A new starting line was drawn, ensuring that, instead of competition, the impartial love of the state would govern careers.

Gone are the times when the inhabitants of a small provincial town could have a say in the siting of sculptures in public places. During the Stalinist era they were given statues of a buxom Mother and a recognizable Leader; after de-Stalinization, abstract Motherhood and anonymous Progress. In both periods art remained a gift and message of the state, and in both periods aesthetic unintelligibility was made a political offense.

NATURALLY the new system of regulation can also prohibit, but it does so only in the defense of artists. Prohibition in the strict sense of the word is necessary only in isolated cases of mischief requiring little financial support, and steps are taken to minimize such occurrences. Private individuals may not import or distribute photocopying machines, which are kept under strict supervision in every office. It is illegal to sell paintings outside official channels, and artistic equipment (from paintbrushes to movie cameras) can be purchased only by those so authorized. Amateurism is regulated as well. It is forbidden to recite poetry or other literature, play music, dance, or mount exhibitions in private apartments, in the street, or in any other unauthorized place. But in the case of periodicals, theaters, film studios, orchestras, dance groups, television broadcasts, and the like, prohibition is unnecessary. Everyone knows that only a state organization may set up its own institutions. Obviously, real artists have nothing to fear.

Directed culture was strengthened by talent-scouting campaigns and by careful support for talented people. Fees are now incomparably higher than in the past; books and movie and theater tickets go at fire-sale prices; state institutions commission works of fine art. The bureaucrats did not aim to silence artists; their only tyranny was generating massive financial support and an insatiable demand for more art.

There has not been a single change in the position and prestige of artists that would be unacceptable to the freest artist in the freest world. If only the artist did not have to sacrifice his autonomy and art's arrogance for these gifts! But is it such a high price to pay? Ideals are important, but in this case it is not even certain that the ideal of freedom conflicts with ugly material advantage.

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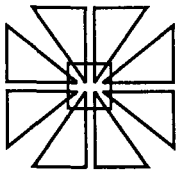

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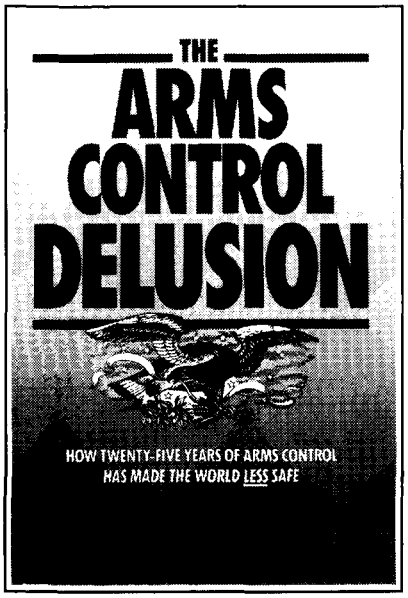

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Rather, one could say that this change makes possible the juxtaposition of individual freedom with freedom from material necessity. The dignity of the solitary artist is replaced by the dignity of public attention; the excitement of irresponsibility by the pathos of responsibility. This process is perhaps like aging, like the menopause of individualistic culture.

The more the great passions of the pioneer period fade away, the stronger the forces that preserve directed culture become. We shall not be lonely. The socialist revolution promised an organized public to the artist at a time when he felt oppressed by capitalist consumerism, and the promise has been kept. This public maintains its hold on us, and its own boundaries are becoming better defined. We can count on the generosity of the bureaucratic class, society's planners. But we can also be certain that they will not hesitate to use force if we, their artists, bureaucrats ourselves, try to escape our velvet prison. Art has become the expression of a class that can see life's conflicts only as justification for its own paternalistic rule and that expects its artists to remind it of its tasks.

BUT HASN'T art simply returned to its original home: the establishment? Was not the brief period in world history when the artist was free to hate society a deviation? Weren't artists happiest when they were nothing more than ornamentalists of an unchanging world order from their early youth to their old age? Wasn't the cultural autonomy produced by the Industrial Revolution just an all-too-fleeting dream? Now that capitalism is bent on destroying Nature, isn't the next step to be the culture of scarcity, of ruthless empires, and isn't this perhaps the real reason for the artist's happy return to the fold of state religion and authority? I do not want to drive the reader to despair. But the revolutionary dream is definitely over: art cannot remain free and have a secure audience within an organized populace.

In our new socialist civilization different sections of the ruling class all want more power. Technocrats and bureaucrats, economic pragmatists and orthodox activists, empire-builders, nationalists, and cosmopolitans all aspire to a greater share of power in the ever-changing repartition of social control. Art too becomes a sphere of "ideological battle." Talent vies for attention and scarce resources. These developments are specific to the context of directed cul-

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ture; they are signs of the final establishment of our new civilization's value system. Liberation is irreversible: the standard-bearers have become advisers. We are active members of an all-embracing cultural mechanism whose attention is directed primarily inward, to ensure that no one element disrupts the whole. The art of the liberated planners is enriched in an orderly fashion. Creativity is controlled, but it is not snuffed out.

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by T. D. Allman
(Atlantic Monthly Press, 422 pp., $22.50)

The Corpse Had a Familiar Face:
Covering Miami, America's Hottest Beat
by Edna Buchanan
(Random House, 275 pp., $17.95)

Miami
by Joan Didion
(Simon and Schuster, 238 pp., $17.95)

Going to Miami:
Exiles, Tourists, and Refugees in the New America
by David Rieff
(Little, Brown, 256 pp., $22.50)

If there were no "Miami Vice," would there still be four new books about Miami this season? Let's hope so. The triumph of television over publishing in setting the cultural mood has progressed pretty far, but even without Don Johnson, Miami is an obviously good subject right now. The biggest city in the fastest growing big state in the country, it has generated a stream of exotic news stories in the '80s—the Mariel boatlift, the Liberty City riots, the arrival of the Haitian boat people, the election of the first Cuban-American big-city mayor.

Miami has emerged, arguably, as the capital of the Caribbean basin: a place with a distinctive style, and a natural home for smuggled drugs, flight capital, and political intrigue. As a center of Hispanic immigration and of retirement living, it has demographic problems with a futuristic feeling about them. It also represents what might be called the de-Clevelandization of America, being young (Miami's centennial is still a few years off), rootless, non-industrial, and grounded in fantasy and real estate speculation. Donna Rice seems inevitably Miamian.

The temptation to claim that Miami is an entirely new kind of American city should be resisted somewhat, though that's too much to expect of the authors of books on Miami. Like all provincial cities, Miami is ceaselessly compared to New York by its residents; it looks less unusual when put in the more sensible context of the post-World War II metropolises of the Sunbelt. Its rapid urbanization-by-migration is not too different from that of Southern California in the 1950s and '60s and Texas in the '70s. Such places always produce instant suburbs, car obsession, real estate booms, lots of crime and sex, and a population heavy on losers, hustlers, and dreamers. Far from being unique to Miami, the notion of a city that is "built on hope" and has "no natural reason to exist"—as the local chambers of commerce like to say—is common in the South and Southwest, from Atlanta to Dallas to Las Vegas to Phoenix. The in-

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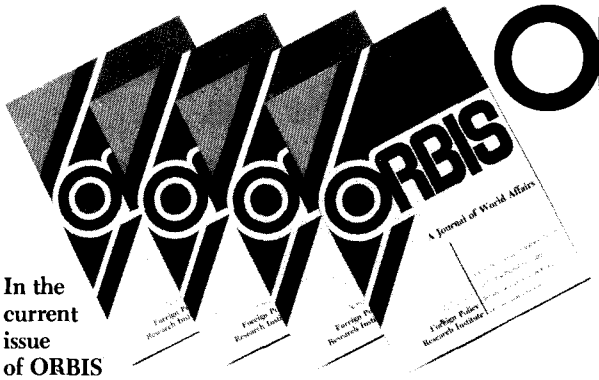

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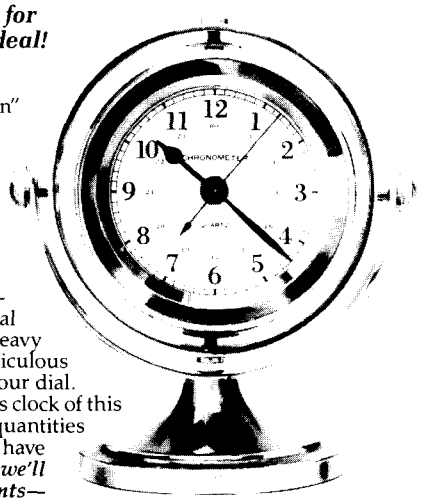

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bred roughness of Miami is typical of the parts of the country that the United States conquered first and settled later.

It is true, however, that Miami is the best current example, and an extreme example generally, of this kind of place. It is the only big city in America—Las Vegas doesn't count as a big city—that was founded as a resort and that has never had a major industry aside from tourism, which makes it even more made-up than most new American cities. Its economic ups and downs have been unusually violent; in the two years after the 1925 hurricane, its bank deposits dropped by nearly 75 percent. Its natural setting, between a barrier island and a swamp, is tenuous.

And Florida has been the underside of America in more than geography: we stole it from the Spaniards, drove out the Seminoles with unusual brutality, built it up in part with black convict labor, and established, in the early '60s, the largest CIA station in the world there. It is a place where fantasies either triumph over or run aground on reality, the perfect setting for both sour musings on the "false promise" of American life (as Russell Banks showed in his novel *Continental Drift*) and panegyrics about ours still being the land of opportunity (as George Gilder showed in *The Spirit of Enterprise*).

OF THIS FALL'S harvest of books about Miami, only one, T. D. Allman's *Miami: City of the Future*, is a conventional journalistic exercise, an attempt to deliver, through copious reporting, a full-scale portrait of a city. Being exotic, unreal, and shady, Miami seems to encourage the oblique approach. A few years ago Miami briefly held the title of Murder Capital of the United States, and Edna Buchanan's *The Corpse Had a Familiar Face* is at least packaged to imply that it's therefore possible to get at the heart of the city simply by concentrating on the violent killings there. David Rieff's *Going to Miami* treats Miami as a semiforeign country, and works in the hip travel-writing genre: the author seeks to find himself by going someplace exotic. Joan Didion's *Miami* is a political book, about Latin American politics; her subject is Cubans and terrorism, not the local mayor's race.

None of these books is successful enough to make its way of approaching Miami seem triumphantly right. In fact, they differ so much in where they come out on the city, as well as how they went

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in, that we still lack a generally agreed-on version of what the place is like. What we have instead is a consensus about the iconography of Miami—rich Cubans' barricaded mansions, smoldering ghettos hard by the interstate highway, pastel condos on Brickell Avenue—accompanied by wildly varying theories about what it means.

THE BOOK that makes the most modest claim for Miami's differentness is the one whose author lives there. Edna Buchanan is a legendary police reporter for the *Miami Herald*, the kind of old-fashioned journalist who can boast about the time she picked her way through a darkened apartment containing the oozing residue of two long-dead corpses so that she could steal a family photograph for her paper to publish. She had a great year in 1986; first she was the subject of a profile in the *New Yorker*, and then she won the Pulitzer Prize. Her book is going to be made into a movie.

Buchanan has a wonderful ability to write about vice in Miami without either invoking or evoking "Miami Vice" at all—her cops wear polyester, and her crooks are small-time nogoodniks. She instinctively has their number and knows how to write about them; she approaches crime with none of the slumming, thrill-seeking feeling that almost any TV cop show has. She grew up working-poor in a one-parent family in Bayonne, New Jersey, went to work in a factory right out of high school, married two no-good husbands, and made it the hard way in journalism, by covering, at full tilt, more than 5,000 violent deaths. She hasn't got a shred of cynicism. She believes in what she does. Heart-rending stories make her cry. She has pets with sugary-sweet names. Her crime writing has a perfect 1940s-tabloid sensibility: hard-boiled, funny, butter-hearted, with a sure sense of when to evoke a chuckle from the reader (police sirens sound when she's on a date with a cop; "they're playing our song," he says), or a tear.

Most of her book is made up of gruesome murder stories written in newspaper style, with lots of one-sentence paragraphs and newsroom-Homeric epithets ("oceanfront hotel," "wealthy socialite"). It is held together only by her ability to make herself into an irresistible character. Aside from a few dutiful remarks about the Mariel boatlift and the police killing that led to the riots (a story she broke, by the way), she has nothing to say about Miami except that everybody there is from someplace else, and that she loves it. Particularly Miamian events that occur on her beat, such as intramural massacres by drug dealers, are much more interesting to her as murders than as sociological clues to the city. The book would lose nothing from being set in St. Louis, or anywhere else that has cops and crooks. In a way this is instructive; it's a reminder that there's a baseline of could-be-anywhere middle-class America even in Miami, and that most violent crime isn't very exotic. Buchanan is like most Miamians in that she is white, bourgeois, and a migrant who found what she was looking for there: good weather and a chance to get ahead. You don't hear much about people like her in the other three books.

T. D. ALLMAN, on the other hand, can't go anywhere in Miami without finding larger implications. He sees the city as a harbinger of the American future—so much so that practically every street corner there is freighted with moment. Miami has always been all service sector; the nation is becoming that way too. Miami is an international city, with inhabitants and bank deposits of many nationalities; that too is what America is becoming. People come to Miami with wacky schemes, usually involving real estate, which improbably quite often come true; ditto the country as a whole.

Allman's enthusiasm about Miami is genuine, and he has put in years of good work as a reporter there. Of the four books, his has by far the most raw information about Miami, and it's the only one that even attempts a real *tour d'horizon*. He has a good run-through of Florida's history, and he has interviewed everyone, from the producers of "Miami Vice" to the principals of the trendy architectural firm Architectonica to the mayor to the local grande dame, Marjory Stoneman Douglas. ("I love to meet with T. D. Allman in Miami and have with him a long conversation," says Isaac Bashevis Singer in a blurb.)

Allman's problems are ones of expression. It is possible to evoke the hucksterism of Miami in a fond way, as John Rothchild proved a couple of years ago with his very funny book, *Up For Grabs*. But Allman can't say something positive without sounding like a press release. The developers of Miami Beach turned "Miami into one of those trick-or-treat places that grabs the world's imagination and doesn't let go." Christo (who put pink plastic fringes around some islands

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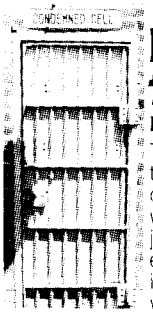

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A Study in Political Diplomacy

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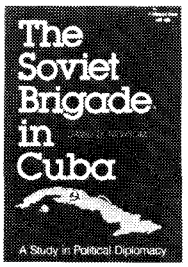
Foreword by Stansfield Turner



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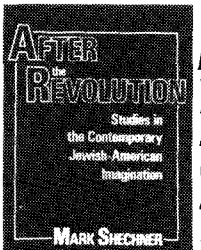

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in Biscayne Bay) is "one of the most visionary and humane artists of our time." The Grand Bay Hotel is "a stunningly successful confection—a fusion of American high tech and exotic fantasy only Miami could have dreamed up." The United States, "for all its failures and follies, remains one of the last best hopes of mankind, both because of itself, and in spite of itself."

His analysis is as overdone as his style. Aperçus are built up into epiphanies, and thus ruined. As he goes around the city, he is overcome with sappy insights about how this or that institution—for example, Joe's Stone Crab restaurant—is a metaphor for Miami. He sees linkages of which most people are unaware, and rightly so: "I wondered if my fellow patrons here at the Place St. Michel in Coral Gables realized they were just like the blacks of Opa-Locka." Once he goes to a cocaine party; in his retelling, he's a hopeless junkie within eight hours of his first sniff. By the end of the book, not only is America like Miami, "the world was growing like Miami." Nuclear physics is like Miami. Biology, too. In the acknowledgments he says of his editor, "Like Miami, she is irrepressible and unique."

IT'S INDICATIVE of both Allman's thoroughness and his uncoolness that we learn where Joan Didion stays in Miami from his book, not hers. Didion presents herself as a case-hardened foreign correspondent with no time for cute details. She mentions, with elaborate casualness, that although people warned her "that there were places I should not go" in Miami, "in the end I went without incident" to all of them. Corpses don't faze her a bit. She lovingly rolls out words like "semiautomatic" and "Beretta" at every opportunity.

Didion may be a ham, but she's also a pro: her worked-up persona and the mannered prose style she has adopted are the perfect vehicle for her vision of Miami, which is almost exactly the opposite of Allman's. Rather than representing America, Miami to her is a Cuban city. "The entire tone of the city, the way people looked and talked and met one another, was Cuban," she says; assimilation "would be considered by most Cubans a doubtful goal at best"; even being in this country "was still at the deepest level construed by Cubans as a temporary condition."

As Cubans dominate Didion's Miami, terrorists dominate Little Havana. To begin with, Cuban-Americans' cultural roots don't lie in American democracy—"They were the heirs instead to the Spanish Inquisition, and after that to a tradition of anti-Americanism so sturdy that it had often been for Cubans a motive force." Didion describes Miami Cubans as being mystified by ABC's "Nightline" because it shows people on opposite sides of an important issue arguing about it in a manner so friendly that one expects them to go out for a beer together afterward, rather than devoting their lives to destroying each other as Cubans would do. Any group of Cubans nursing a grievance, as the Cubans in Miami are, is almost automatically in a pre-terrorist state.

IN THE early '60s the CIA organized and trained the infamous Brigade 2506, a group of Cubans in Miami who were bent on toppling Fidel Castro. After the Bay of Pigs, the American government's dreams of invading Cuba ended, but the Brigade's didn't. Over the years, the Brigade's alumni have turned up in the oddest places: at the Watergate break-in, in Nicaraguan *contra* operations, running for mayor of Miami, standing trial for acts of political terrorism, even (some say) sharing a hotel room in Dallas with Lee Harvey Oswald in November 1963.

There is a theory about the Brigade that holds that its members' machismo, their exile from Cuba, their schooling in terrorism by the CIA, and finally their betrayal by President Kennedy combined to make them the loose cannon on the American deck. They might have killed Kennedy, the theory holds, and who knows what they'll do next, especially considering that they've just recently been put through another Bay of Pigs-like cycle of hope and betrayal by President Reagan, with all his talk about stopping communism in the Western Hemisphere. Didion warns darkly that "there might or might not be, in the wreckage of the Reagan administration, certain consequences" emerging soon.

Didion did not originate this theory. The credit for it should probably go to Taylor Branch and George Crile, who laid it out in an article in *Harper's* in 1975; Crile, who is best known as the producer of the CBS documentary that caused William Westmoreland to sue the network for libel, has been energetically promoting it ever since. Didion presents it very well without contributing anything to proving it. She describes the activities of terrorist groups such as Omega 7 and Alpha 66 in such elaborate detail as to create a strong (but unstated) impression that Cubans are mad dogs who would resort to the Uzi as readily as you or I would blow our nose. This makes the idea that members of the Brigade crowd helped kill Kennedy (again, artfully implied but never stated) seem more plausible than it ever has to me before. If a Miami radio announcer who called for an end to terrorist bombings can get his legs blown off, and if the impeccably right-wing former ambassador Lewis Tambs can be targeted for assassination by a Miami Cuban, why not? These men's transgressions were minor or non-existent, whereas Kennedy ranked second only to Castro in the exiled Cubans' pantheon of evil.

The Reagan administration, with its love of the symbolism of toughness, is a perfect counterpoint to the vengeful Cubans. People in Washington understand full well that when Reagan talks about standing tall, he's sending a signal, not giving a fire-when-ready order. Cubans, as Didion presents them, can't think that way. Washington can build up to a crescendo of rhetoric on one issue and then simply move on to the next one without anything having happened. In Miami, however, "stories tended to have endings," usually involving bloodshed. When Didion sounds a portentous note, it resonates. She doesn't leave any loose ends. But these are skills of presentation, not reporting or analysis. She hasn't uncovered any new facts about Cuban terrorism, or actually made a convincing argument about where it might strike next.

DAVID RIEFF echoes the main points of Didion's and Allman's books—that Miami is Cuban, and that it's a fantasy come partly true—but the sell isn't as hard in either case. His book is a collection of observations and impressions, not a line of argument; it presents Miami as a pastiche, consisting of boring, mediocre Anglos, angry and bitter blacks, a small class of glitz merchants and cocaine cowboys, and the Cubans, whose life-force he finds irresistible at the same time that he is somewhat horrified by their political views. Rieff can't bring himself to like the phoniness of official, tourist Miami; the Cubans, with their bedrock of loyalty to family, Latin culture, and the anti-Castro cause, are anything but phony. In the end, he seems to agree with Allman that America is becoming more like Miami—rather than

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with Didion that Miami is becoming less like America—but he doesn't approve.

The triumphs of *Going to Miami* are small ones, inspired asides scattered here and there. Rieff calls Miami "Latin America's Geneva," describes a Cuban radio announcer's style as "stentorian indecision," and notices that some of Anastasio Somoza's relatives run a steak house in a suburban shopping mall. Unfortunately, there are also many passages that are just annoying. Rieff talks about himself incessantly without having made himself into a character; there's no sense of his self-reference being a tool for moving the story forward, as there is with Didion.

He has an especially generous dose of the lazy but self-regarding reporter's tendency to impute literary value to practically every thought he happens to have while on assignment. He describes at length episodes he should have left out entirely, like plane flights (he spends ten pages of his short book describing the differences between the three New York airports), periods of inactivity in hotel rooms, and taxi rides. Unintentionally confirming all the conservatives' suspicions about the snobbery of the New Class, he does not let pass any opportunity to sneer at ordinary people. A TV game show contestant "had more or less the brains of a golf divot." People in Miami "found any kind of thinking something of a trial." Two University of Miami students who were sitting across from Rieff on a plane flight prod him, just by talking to each other, into an eruption of bile: "They had a collective moral age of about 12, I thought unhappily, and a collective IQ barely above room temperature. . . . There was nothing whatsoever in their heads, and it was hard to imagine exactly where they stopped and their possessions began." The edited version of *Going to Miami* that appeared in the *New Yorker* was much more impressive, because somebody took out everything Rieff should have taken out himself.

THE GOOD SIDE of Rieff's artlessness is that it inspires trust; since his book isn't a neat package, it seems unlikely that he would have felt any pressure to leave out inconvenient truths. Trust is a problem with these books, because their points of disagreement are so fundamental. The questions about Miami that, taken together, they fail to resolve, are roughly these: Is Miami at heart an American city or a foreign city? If it's a foreign city, is this a temporary condition pending the assimilation of the Cubans, or are they going to maintain their exile mentality down through the generations? Is Miami merely rough around the edges, or is it essentially corrupt? Does its tendency not to distinguish clearly between fantasy and reality represent a menacing new phenomenon—Orwellianism in a Hawaiian shirt—or is it harmless and endearing?

BUCHANAN doesn't even address the question of Miami's foreignness, and so casts her vote by implication. Allman makes quite a detailed argument that Miami is not a Cuban city. He points out that the metropolitan area is only 28 percent Hispanic; and since at this point more migrants are coming in from the rest of the United States than from Cuba, the percentage of Cubans is likely to fall. He also cites polls showing that only a small minority of the Cubans in Miami consider themselves to be political exiles (relatively few of the Miami Cubans were actively involved in anti-Castro politics before they left Cuba), and that 80 percent describe themselves as "Americanized." In 1979 only 23 percent said they would return to Cuba if Castro were overthrown.

Allman presents the Cuban radio stations, political sects, and terrorists as a sideshow, not as the main event. Mad bombers such as Orlando Bosch and Eduardo Arocena occupy approximately the place in Cuban Miami that Louis Farrakhan does in black America, and never-say-die exile politicians such as Raul Masvidal represent an older generation with no future. Xavier Suarez, who grew up in an Anglo neighborhood in Washington, D.C., trounced Masvidal in the last mayoral election because Masvidal was too Cuban even for the Cubans. If the Cubans were really unassimilated, Allman says, they would never have elected a Cuban woman (!) married to an Anglo (!!) to the city commission, as they did in 1985.

Of course, Allman has a theory of his own to prove, and that, along with his overall cheeriness about Miami, might lead him to underplay the Cubans' separatism. But Rieff agrees with him at least to the extent of observing that the Miami-born children of Cuban immigrants speak English as a first language and prefer Cheese Whoppers to fried plantains. It's likely that the truth lies somewhere between Allman and Rieff: that Miami feels less American than All-

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man says it does and less Cuban than Rieff says it does. The facts certainly argue rather conclusively against Didion's claim that the Cubans aren't ever going to become Americans.

None of these books handles the question of corruption in Miami very well. Typically, there's more information about it to be found in Allman's book than in the others: he says flatly that "whatever you did, drugs would be part of your life" in Miami. Other journalists—James Lieber's story in the *Atlantic* about cocaine in Miami comes to mind—have made a devastating case that the tidal wave of cocaine money has engulfed even the respectable business establishment. But drugs aren't Edna Buchanan's beat, they aren't central to the concerns of Allman and Didion, and Rieff is not the kind of reporter to dig into the shadow-world of cocaine. Still, drugs, not bombs, must be the dominant form of illegality in Miami, and their reach must extend far beyond the armored yachts anchored in boat basins that reporters in Miami always mention. If it was crime, not real estate or immigration, that built Miami, that would be interesting to learn in some future book.

THE MATTER of how to regard Miami's unreality is the most difficult of all to assess, because it really comes down to personal taste. The facts are only marginally in dispute: everybody agrees that Miami is less rooted in life's basics than most places, and the only argument is over how much less. Rieff makes the most extreme case, saying, for instance, about Miami's instant adoption of the "Miami Vice" image, "Nobody in the place itself had ever confused the pitch with the reality before." But Rothchild's book, which came out only two years ago, pointed out that Florida then lacked the kind of self-fulfilling stereotype that (contra Rieff) Texas and California have; "Miami Vice" filled a vacuum, and that may be why the city embraced it so quickly. Miami's fantasy element certainly long predates the show. The question is whether to see it as jarring but exhilarating, as Allman does, or tawdry and disorienting, as most other writers do.

This is not a moral issue, though both sides like to present it as one. Defenders of the Sunbelt like to claim that because the United States is an invented nation, every invented institution in it is automatically as spiritually elevated as the country itself. In this view, there is a straight line of descent leading from John Winthrop's "city on a hill" sermon to, say, the Fontainebleau Hotel on Miami Beach, because both were the work of idealistic dreamers who saw something that didn't yet exist. But the truth is that Miami did not spring from a religious, philosophical, or even a political vision. It sprang from the desire to create a tourist resort. This was rather different in kind from John Winthrop's or Thomas Jefferson's concerns.

Still, to accuse Miami of having raised the unattractiveness of a new metropolis to an unprecedented level is unfair and ahistorical. The Chicago of *The Jungle* and the New York of *How the Other Half Lives* were much more horrifying than Miami is today, in the misery of the people at the bottom and the ruthlessness of the people at the top. It is true that the birth of a service-sector city is attended by a certain basic fraudulence, a lack of organic connection to time and place, that didn't exist before. But this is merely disorienting, not evil. One ought to be free to like or dislike Miami's exuberant phoniness without having to feel that this also involves taking a position on the direction of the nation. Besides, all that energetic artifice makes for great literary material. There is plenty of Miami left for the next wave of invading journalists.

NICHOLAS LEMANN

Nicholas Lemann is the national correspondent for the *Atlantic*.

THE RIGHT-WING STUFF

The Bonfire of the Vanities by Tom Wolfe

(Farrar Straus Giroux, 659 pp., $19.95)

Tom Wolfe has always had his fierce detractors, but he disarmed most of them with *The Right Stuff*, a model of selfless narrative journalism that even his first famous target of ridicule, William Shawn, might have admired. That temporary truce may be broken, however, by *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Wolfe's first novel, and a book in which he picks up the flag for two reactionary causes that have been paramount in his career. As a political statement, *Vanities* is a sequel to *Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers*, the famously inflammatory essays of 1970 in which Wolfe twitted the moneyed New Left, manipulative black militants, and the ineffectual poverty-program bureaucracy. As a literary work, it means to make good on its author's oft-stated assertion that the outward-looking New Journalism, not the introspective *nouvel roman*, is the true New Novel. Wolfe is certainly his own man: what other writer marries the ideology of Norman Podhoretz to the aesthetics of Gore Vidal?

With its echoes of Thackeray and its pointed references to Dickens and Fanny Trollope (among others), *Vanities* at once aspires to 19th-century social realism and hopes to demonstrate how such fiction resembles meticulously reported, stylishly written, satirically bent reportage just like Wolfe's own. Now the names have been changed to protect the guilty. When a burned-out radical lawyer in *Vanities* reminisces about a late 1960s Park Avenue political fund-raising party, his name is "Albert Vogel," and we're told that the hostess in question was "Peggy Fryskamp," her beneficiaries "the Geronimo Brotherhood." R.I.P., William Kunstler, Felicia Bernstein, and the Black Panthers.

It's a tribute to Wolfe's talent that he usually keeps you captivated, even though his characters are generally not specific real-life people or (in all but a few cases) recognizable stand-ins for them. Aside from Vogel, the roman à clef figures in the book are but briefly glimpsed. The juiciest is "Nick Stopping, the Marxist journalist—Stalinist was more like it—who lived chiefly on articles flattering the rich in *House & Garden*, *Art & Antiques*, and *Connoisseur*." But one need not have an insider's knowledge to decipher the goings-on. Indeed, such is the energy of the writing in *Vanities* that the book remains a page-turner well after Wolfe's political agenda has reduced some of his pivotal fictional players to

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ciphers, and thereby reduced his fiction to journalism (however New). While not fully Dickensian in length, the novel is plenty long, and it falters only when the plot machinery is sputteringly geared up in the early chapters.

TOO PERISHABLE to be confused with its literary models and yet too entertaining to put down, *Vanities* may give its author the Hollywood smash that the more earnest *Right Stuff*, a critics' favorite but a box-office also-ran, didn't. Not because of the neocon theme indicated in the prologue's panorama of blacks heckling a white mayor—a present-day New York City brought to the brink of chaos by racial conflict and the attendant, media-fanned political bonfire ignited by bullying black activists and self-flagellating Jewish and Episcopalian liberals. Wolfe, a connoisseur of fashion, is too shrewd to bank everything on issues that are waning as quickly as the Reagan administration. What makes the book interesting (and great miniseries fodder) is the same enduring sport that informs most commercial American fiction: we are afforded the vicarious pleasure of watching greedy, ill-behaving, sexually promiscuous rich people get their comeuppance.

But Wolfe cannot be lumped with Judith Krantz, Sidney Sheldon, et al.; and it's not merely his gifts as a writer that elevate him. His moneyed victims are not the bland, glamorized, distant movers and shakers of Rodeo Drive or Cap d'Antibes. The crucified protagonist of *Vanities*, a champion Wall Street bond salesman named Sherman McCoy, really does have a connection with the way New Yorkers live (or aspire to live) in our present Gilded Age. A 38-year-old WASP product of Buckley, St. Paul's, and Yale, McCoy makes $980,000 a year, possesses a 14-room, $2.6 million Park Avenue co-op, and has the correct wife, daughter, and $48,000 Mercedes roadster.

He is a man "who had had everything just the way he wanted it all his life," even though the work required to maintain his privileges seems a form of salesmanship less substantive than Willy Loman's. In one of the novel's most devastating and nasty interludes, McCoy tries and fails to explain to his six-year-old exactly what bond salesmen do and exactly what purposes their daily movements of paper and huge sums serve. "You build roads and hospitals, Daddy? That's what you do?" asks the worshipful child. McCoy's wife lamely attempts to come to the rescue: "Daddy doesn't build roads or hospitals, and he doesn't help build them, but he does handle the *bonds* for the people who raise the money."

To bring this man to his knees, Wolfe doesn't set off a Wall Street crash; he concocts a plot that makes Cary Grant's travails in *North by Northwest* look like a paid vacation. Driving back from Kennedy Airport with his mistress, McCoy takes a wrong turn into the darkest Bronx. There, in a panic, he apparently injures a young black man with his Mercedes, and then speeds away. The hit-and-run plunges McCoy into the "cesspool" of the "real world" with a vengeance. A man who had been insulated from every rude frisson of urban life suddenly finds himself a target of abuse from every stratum of society—from the blacks who terrorize him in the holding pens during his arraignment to the pompous co-op board president, who tries to evict McCoy on a technicality when the scandal attracts minority demonstrators to Park Avenue.

IN WOLFE'S New York, very much (and presciently) the city of Howard Beach and Bess Myerson, it hardly matters whether McCoy committed the crime with which he is charged or not. "This case has nothing to do with justice," proclaims his criminal lawyer. "This is a war." The bond salesman is as hollow as Bernhard Goetz, and therefore an ideal political football, ready to be exploited by the city's powers-that-be for their own malign, expedient purposes. To a liberal district attorney up for re-election, McCoy is that most prized commodity, the Great White Defendant who can be tossed to voters who feel that Bronx justice is stacked against blacks and Hispanics. To the Rev. Reginald Bacon, a black leader whom the *Village Voice* calls a "street socialist" and Wolfe presents as a public-funds extortionist, the case is a cue for self-righteous posturing and political aggrandizement.

And for the tabloids and television news, easily manipulated by the likes of Bacon and Vogel, McCoy and his alleged victim, a purportedly "exemplary son of the deserving poor" named Henry Lamb, become generic antagonists in an audience-pleasing morality play starring "socialite, . . . Bronx honor student, unidentified female companion." Even some of McCoy's more vulgar neighbors exploit him to enhance their status: like Claus von Bülow, Wolfe's notorious defendant becomes a favorite at dinner parties dominated by vulgar real estate brokers and other arbiters of the new rich.

WOLFE'S nightmarish urban vision is persuasive up to a point, and at times it is conveyed by scenes of brilliant high comedy and farce. The writer is at his wicked, yet evenhanded, best when he explores the precincts that once boasted the telephone exchange Butterfield 8. In one tour de force we learn, budgetary item by budgetary item, how McCoy failed to make ends meet in Manhattan (and Southampton) within his million dollars a year. ("There was no turning back! Once you had lived in a $2.6 million apartment on Park Avenue—it was impossible to live in a $1 million apartment!") We see the new Sherman McCoys rolling off the yuppie assembly line as Wolfe explores the frightening interoffice pressures and politics of the Wall Street firms bursting with recent Harvard, Yale, and Stanford grads dying to "Make It Now," and fearful that they'll be branded "mediocre" if they're not earning more than $500,000 a year by age 30.

Perhaps the most masterful scenes in *Vanities* unfold at mealtimes. A midtown French restaurant serving "nouvelle" dishes such as "Veal Boogie Woogie" (arranged on the plate after Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie Woogie") has a hilarious "problem of protocol" when one of its wealthiest and most corpulent patrons drops dead most indecorously in midlunch, "pitched face forward into his plate, into the *selle d'agneau Mikado*." At a ludicrously overcatered Fifth Avenue dinner party, Wolfe records the buzzing of the social "hive" in which the queen bees are "social X-rays" (middle-aged women rendered anorectic by aerobics) and "Lemon Tarts" (the young second and third wives of tedious fat cats). With uncharacteristic—and refreshing—outrage, Wolfe draws an analogy between such sickening consumption and the Masque of the Red Death.

Wolfe also drags Poe, a fellow son of Richmond, into the life of the alleged hit-and-run victim; the housing project where Henry Lamb lives is the Edgar Allan Poe Towers. Yet we never tour the inside of that oppressive pit the way we do the Upper East Side duplexes, or the two other well-researched venues of the novel, the horse-trading backrooms of the Bronx's so-called criminal-justice system ("In a civil case a Bronx jury is a vehicle for redistributing the wealth")

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and the opportunistically minded newsroom of the tabloid *The City Light* (for which read the *New York Post*). Wolfe has fallen short of his professed ambition to write a sprawling realistic novel of the teeming city. He lacks the ability, or the desire, to visit every level, above and underground, of the metropolitan bleak house.

THUS, the blacks of *Vanities*—whether innocent victims, con artists, or crack-dealing thugs—are as superficially presented and as faceless as they appear on the very same Eyewitness News cavalcades that Wolfe so bitingly discredits. The principal Jewish character, a bedraggled prosecutor named Kramer who hungers to escape anonymous civil servitude and rent-stabilized, Upper West Side domestic drudgery for fame and shiksas, is a secondhand Philip Roth striver; he peters out as an individual even as his role in the plot grows. And the novel's major female characters—McCoy's wife and his mistress, Kramer's wife and *his* mistress, Lamb's mother—hardly exist beyond their physical and vocal attributes.

Wolfe sometimes seems overwhelmed by his subject. He all but concedes the stereotyping of the book's several Jewish and Irish detectives and legal officials, as if an admission of the defeat might give the clichés an ironic twist. He does better by one Irish character, McCoy's tough-dealing attorney, and one alcoholic Englishman, an almost gleefully ignorant hack journalist (with the appropriately Waughian name of Peter Fallow) typical of those imported Murdoch reporters who set themselves up as instant, moralizing experts on New York's sociological gridlock.

By failing to provide close-ups of the denizens of the Bronx "jungle" and the middle-class Manhattan "ant colony" along with those of the Park Avenue "hive," Wolfe drains the blood out of half the book—out of the half where the other half lives. This etiolation may deny *The Bonfire of the Vanities* the long shelf life that its literary prototypes have enjoyed a century after the world they depicted has vanished or been altered beyond recognition. Surface details, however vividly described, remain mere reportage if we aren't given some intimacy with the people underneath.

Dickens may not have loved Uriah Heep or Wackford Squeers, but he got down in the moral sewer with them, perhaps lavishing more sympathetic atten-

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tion on their twisted characters than he did on his likable protagonists. One wishes that Wolfe did not put so much store in dress. Too often he falls back on descriptions of clothing to define character; and one comes to fear that he was disinclined to soil his own celebrated wardrobe, if that's what was required to get the real lowdown on the Bronx. Could one imagine any of the enduring novelists of metropolitan life shunning the underclass? Wolfe has shunned it. Of course he is tough on the leisure class. But finally he embraces its myopic perspective on the city; and it is more or less the perspective of a conservative social theorist, or a *New York* magazine New Journalist, rather than that of an empathic dreamer of fictions.

Wolfe's first novel is more of a journalistic entertainment and less of a fully achieved "fiction" than *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and *The Right Stuff*, in which all the characters were robustly depicted. But in telling one major story—the story of white greed, late-20th-century New York style, just before the bubble burst—*The Bonfire of the Vanities* may well be definitive journalism. Perhaps that's what its author was glad to settle for. Surely it's not happenstance that of all the people in Wolfe's where-are-they-now epilogue, it is the lowly, pavement-pounding reporter who gets the very last laugh.

FRANK RICH

Frank Rich is the drama critic for the *New York Times*.

THE TRESPASSER

Rival Views of Market Society and Other Recent Essays by Albert O. Hirschman

(Viking/Elisabeth Sifton Books, 197 pp., $18.95)

Albert Hirschman is one of those remarkable scholars occasionally mistaken for more than one person. There is Hirschman the political theorist, best known for his classic *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty*. There is the Hirschman of *The Passions and the Interests*, the historian of ideas; and Hirschman the institutionalist, the practitioner of European reconstruction and Third World development, the adviser to foreign governments. Graduate students of my cohort, pursuing Latin American studies in the mid-1960s, were introduced to Hirschman as a prolific specialist in that field, the author of *The Strategy of Economic Development* and *Journeys Toward Progress*.

But this is hardly a man who flits among fields. There is a splendid coherence to his work, despite the fact that Hirschman is impossible to pigeonhole ideologically or methodologically, despite the range of his curiosity. Hirschman has legions of far-flung admirers; his intellectual influence turns up in unlikely places. Professor emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, he is among our most distinguished and readable social theorists. Yet he is not quite among the group of intellectuals whose names are household words, even in well-read homes. Though he is first and foremost an economist, curious about problems that are fundamentally economic and well grounded both in the classics of that discipline and in applied research, his work is most highly prized today by political scientists and sociologists, by students of international organization, and by empiricists at the relative fringes of today's formalistic economics profession.

For readers only dimly familiar with Hirschman's oeuvre, his latest collection, *Rival Views of Market Society*, is a fine sampler. More than a sampler: it is a kind of reprise, a recapitulation that includes variations on earlier themes, reconsiderations, and embellishment of familiar leitmotivs, with both echoes and charming reversals. At 72, Hirschman puckishly first proposed calling the collection *Final Essays, Volume One*.

Hirschman writes English as gracefully as any economist—that is probably faint praise—though English was the third or fourth language he learned. The title essay of the collection was actually first written in French, as the 1982 Marc Bloch Lecture delivered in Paris. In it Hirschman wrestles with the great question of political economy: the uneasy relationship between market and society. Is capitalism fundamentally a civilizing and socializing influence, engendering trust, civility, and social order, as the Enlightenment economists predicted? Or are market forces mainly disruptive of the social cohesion that civic life demands? Hirschman sets out systematically to chronicle the oddly disjointed way in which earlier scholars, through the centuries, have sought to make sense of that question. And what fascinates him is the discovery of "the almost total lack of communication between the conflicting theses. Intimately related intellectual formulations unfolded at great length, without ever taking cognizance of each other."

Elaborating on *The Passions and the Interests*, Hirschman traces the civilizing claims for capitalism—the "*doux-commerce*" thesis—to an earlier enlightenment period well before Adam Smith, when philosophes such as Montesquieu predicted that "wherever there is commerce, manners are gentle." Indeed, Hirschman notes, the civilizing arguments for free market capitalism actually antedate the economic ones, while Adam Smith himself was oddly silent on the alleged civic benefits.

Conversely, conservatives have worried about capitalism's corrosive effects on social order as often as radicals have. As Hirschman astutely notes, the Marxian idea that capitalism contains "the seeds of its own destruction" was appropriated from such diverse conservatives as Bolingbroke in the early 1700s and Coleridge in the early 1800s. The idea of an anti-social "cash nexus" driving out other values was a phrase Marx borrowed from Thomas Carlyle. And the famous lament that "the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded" is Edmund Burke's. The market is said not just to create narrowly economic turmoil, but to undermine "the moral values that are its own essential underpinnings"—a claim as contemporary as Drexel-Burnham. *Doux commerce* mutates into *la dolce vita*. The 19th-century radical version of the self-destruction critique was an effective maneuver, writes Hirschman, "in an age that had turned away from the idea of progress as a leading myth and was on the contrary very much taken with myths of self-destruction, from the Nibelungen to Oedipus."

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It troubles Hirschman that the economics profession has paid so little attention to defending the vaunted douceur of free markets. "This sort of reasoning is conspicuously absent from professional economics literature," he notes, partly because economists, trained in quantitative precision, "had little use for the necessarily imprecise (fuzzy) speculations about effects of economic transactions on social cohesion" and had "only scorn for the concern of sociologists over the more disruptive and destructive effects of capitalism." Moreover, Hirschman observes, market transactions are by their very nature short term, instrumental, and inconstant.

Then, in a characteristic twist, Hirschman observes that the *doux-commerce* thesis, embarrassed by the evident social havoc of early capitalism, "survived by changing camps." It was rescued by the radicals, who began claiming that many societies were such a mess not because of capitalist turmoil but because the bourgeois revolution had been carried out incompletely, leaving irrational and inefficient feudal hangovers. This argument, which Hirschman dubs the "feudal shackles" thesis, has been applied by various left-wing scholars to such nations as Germany, Italy, and Hirschman's own favorite laboratory, Latin America.

WHAT FINALLY to make of all this? Hirschman imposes coherence in the form of a four-way matrix: Many theorists hold that market transactions dominate social relations. Of these, some think this is wonderful (the *doux-commerce* people), and others think it is dreadful (the "seeds of its own destruction" school). Meanwhile, another group of theorists emphasizes the centrality of non-market, social structures. And some of them think that this is an unfortunate and inefficient throwback ("feudal shackles") while others, like the grand 20th-century sociologists—Weber, Durkheim, et al.—see it as necessary social glue. Hirschman sums up elegantly: "Rather wondrously, the various ideologies, even though secreted in such isolation, ended up composing a complete pattern.... It is as though four blindfolded children did a perfect job jointly coloring a coloring book."

Each of these theories, writes Hirschman, contains elements of real insight and elements of overstatement. Each had its moment, when it seemed to be right; in other places, at other times, each seemed ludicrously wrong. This essay is purest Hirschman; it epitomizes his fascination with the way arguments can turn back upon themselves, yielding to richer counterarguments. It reflects both his perfectionist bemusement at the failure of earlier thinkers to engage each other (and themselves) with adequate precision, and also his delight at tidying up the fertile messiness. The contradictions in the debate, as Hirschman would be the first to credit Marx with observing, only represent the intricate contradictions of capitalism itself. He concludes the essay with perhaps the quintessential Hirschman plea: "But after so many failed prophesies, is it not in the interest of social science to embrace complexity, be it at some sacrifice of its claim to predictive power?"

OF COURSE a neoclassical economist might interject at this point that what Hirschman is challenging is traditional, speculative, "literary" social theory, of the sort that modern quantitative economics, too, prides itself on rejecting. But Hirschman is just as relentless in his challenge to the narrowness of standard modern economic theory. Here his masterwork is *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty*, and it is reconsidered and refined further in another chapter of the new collection. There are two faces of human freedom, Hirschman argues. One is "Exit"—the right to shop for better products, or a better job, or a more suitable mate, or even a different nationality. The other is "Voice"—the right to stay put and exercise influence. Political science, which holds that voting is the essential avenue of influence, emphasizes Voice. Market economics places all its eggs—mistakenly, in Hirschman's view—in the Exit basket. Poorly run enterprises are expected to fall by the wayside and be replaced by more efficient ones. Unattractive shops will lose customers. But, writes Hirschman, "Exit is a powerful but indirect and somewhat blunt way of alerting management to its failings.... Exit does not provide management with much information on what is or has gone wrong."

As in the title essay, Hirschman's metapoint is that different disciplines fail to talk to one another. And like the blind men of Hindustan, they miss most of the elephant. The obsession of standard economics with Exit as the rational response of homo economicus, to the exclusion of a more social conception of man, leads economists to absurd reductionisms. For example, Gary Becker pro-

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poses a cost-benefit calculus of children as economic goods, and the trendy "public choice" school sees collaborative social arrangements as merely illicit transgressions of the market. What sociologists take to be necessary cohesion, modern economists are trained to suspect as collusion.

In his wonderful essay "Against Parsimony," a good-humored jibe at Occam's Razor as the most overrated tool in the scholarly medicine chest, Hirschman writes: "Economists often propose to deal with unethical or anti-social behavior by raising the cost of that behavior rather than by proclaiming standards. . . . They think of citizens [only] as consumers. . . . This view tends to neglect the possibility that people are capable of changing their values." Laws, argues Hirschman, are often superior to such contrivances as anti-pollution "effluent charges," because they can signal and reinforce "a general change in the civic climate," rather than impose a mere utilitarian calculus. The standard economic view, of man optimizing choices in a social vacuum, offers "too simpleminded an account of even such fundamental economic processes as consumption and production," let alone an adequate conception of human psychology and organization.

HIRSCHMAN belongs to a unique generation. He epitomizes what Lewis Coser called the "refugee-scholar," one of a distinguished group of cosmopolitan, well-educated European humanists, deepened by their escape from fascism, who went on to pursue eminent careers either in America or in new roles in the postwar reconstruction of Europe. Their horror at organized barbarism tempered their theorizing with modesty. They represent a kind of modern philosophe rapidly vanishing from the scholarly scene. Moreover, refugee scholars like Hirschman arrived in the United States at a moment when the American academy was feeling sufficiently expansive to admit people who were brilliant "trespassers" (a favorite Hirschman self-description) across disciplinary conventions. Academia today is far more insecure, discipline-bound, and intellectually pinched. Trespassers, for the most part, are prosecuted.

Hirschman was born in Berlin, educated at the French lycée there, then at the University of Berlin until Hitler took power; he went next to the Sorbonne, to the London School of Economics, and to Trieste to pursue his doctorate, where he also joined the anti-fascist resistance. Expelled from Italy as a Jew, he turned up in Paris and joined the free French army, having already fought with the Spanish Republicans. Soon he was in Marseilles, as the European contact man for a remarkable intellectual Dunkirk—a New York-based emergency rescue operation of European intellectuals fleeing the advancing Nazi occupation. Daniel Bell, who as a young New York editor played a role in the effort, has described a scene reminiscent of Rick's Casablanca bar: there, huddled in Marseilles, was the cream of Europe's anti-fascist intelligentsia, awaiting arrest or rescue—Hannah Arendt, André Breton, Marc Chagall, Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, Jacques Lipschitz, and Heinrich Mann—as well as scores of exiled leaders of Europe's socialist and liberal parties, among them Rudolf Hilferding of the German SPD and Giuseppe Modigliani of the Italian socialists.

An emergency rescue committee sent an American magazine editor, Varian Fry, to Marseilles. Fry's French contact was an operative, document forger, courier, and black marketeer par excellence called "Albert Hernant"—the nom de guerre of Hirschman. After that successful rescue operation, Hirschman stayed underground in the south of France, helping smuggle non-celebrity refugees over the Pyrenees into Spain. When he too finally escaped, and took a fellowship at Berkeley in 1941, he already had more real-world experience in political economy at age 26 than most of us could accumulate in several lifetimes.

HIS FIRST BOOK, written in Berkeley, completed work begun at Trieste on Nazi Germany's trade policy with southern and eastern Europe. Hirschman's main point was that contrary to the classical theorists, the asymmetry in the political power of trading nations invariably influences the pattern of the actual trade that ensues. *National Power and the Structure of Foreign Trade* challenges the premise of classical economics that trade is, or necessarily ought to be, apolitical. The volume, written nearly a half century ago about an entirely different era, contains the wonderfully contemporary and still little-appreciated insight that "international trade remains a political act whether it takes place under a system of free trade or protection, of state trading or private enterprise, of most-favored-nation clause, or of discriminating treatments." Though the book was acclaimed both as economic history and as commendable technical economics, Hirschman left the academy to take a job with the wartime Federal Reserve, and later worked on the Marshall Plan.

After this second career, Hirschman struck out in a new direction, taking a post in 1952 as adviser to the Colombian planning ministry. Practice, as always, enriched theory. His original concept of "backward and forward linkages" in the chain of supplier, manufacturer, and ultimate customer as forces stimulating product and market development quickly became a staple of the economic development literature, challenging the orthodox model that viewed economic development statically, in terms of doses of "inputs," such as capital, coupled with available "factor endowments." In a much-quoted observation, Hirschman noted that the sociology of successful economic development truly involves the "calling forth and enlisting for development purposes resources that are scattered, hidden, or badly utilized." Hirschman also proposed that development in practice is often necessarily "unbalanced," with leading sectors stimulating lagging ones, and sometimes vice versa.

With his deep respect for the complex, the concrete, and the local, Hirschman championed the imperative that Latins find their own, pragmatic way. He thus endeared himself to leaders of the Latin nationalist and democratic left, without ever really being a certified leftist himself, let alone an anti-American. In a recent essay Hirschman remarks on the irony that now, with South America finally in a practical and post-ideological mood itself, ideologues from "pragmatic" North America are instructing the Latinos on the necessity of doctrinaire market solutions to all ills.

RETURNING TO America in 1956, Hirschman wrote several works about development, and soon went back to his lifelong theme, market and society, launching a fourth career as master theorist and trespasser. In *Rival Views*, he credits his practical investigation of economic development and his appreciation of linkages with germinating the concepts that matured in 1970 as *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty*, a book whose title was typically Hirschman—a seemingly eccentric mixing of entirely dissimilar things, but

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in fact a novel synthesis. The book places him among a small group of mid-20th-century social scientists—Karl Polanyi, Joseph Schumpeter, Fred Hirsch, Herbert Simon, Charles E. Lindblom come to mind—for whom trespassing (and integrating) is the whole point. Hirschman's intellectual switchbacks are never tedious to traverse, rarely contentious or arcane, and invariably spirited and plain fun.

HIRSCHMAN'S style of inquiry is at once empirical, institutional, concrete, yet informed by wide knowledge of the classics. It is disdainful of artificial boundaries, yet self-restrained in its own grand claims. One finds this elsewhere in the social sciences, but rarely in economics. In this respect, Hirschman-style trespassing is the opposite of the imperialism of neoclassical economics, which paints by the numbers, is anti-institutional, and trespasses into the other social sciences seeking to impose smug formulas that are supposed to cover all cases. Standard economics is grandiose where modesty would be appropriate, yet professes methodological helplessness where a little boldness might be indicated.

Hirschman himself would probably be a little kinder to the neoclassical tradition in economics. His own style is to explore and persuade, not to excoriate. To judge by his work as a whole, Hirschman has deep respect for free markets and free societies. He finds times when and places where a degree of planning is called for, but he is no statist. It is only when the usefulness of markets is hardened into dogma that Hirschman instinctively joins the other side. What he cannot condone is the modern economics profession's self-imposed insularity. All the complications ignored by standard economics, writes Hirschman, "flow from a single source—the incredible complexity of human nature, which was disregarded by traditional theory for very good reason, but which must be spoon-fed back into the traditional findings for the sake of greater realism."

Like Hirschman, one must have a bias for hope, and trust that human curiosity about ideas and institutions will eventually break the sterile disciplinary shackles. So one eagerly awaits Hirschman's *Final Essays*—volumes two, three, and many more. There could be no better guide toward a revived discipline of institutional political economy.

ROBERT KUTTNER

TRB, *from page 4*

for a friend who had been raped? Everything we know about Ginsburg's postmodern lifestyle makes this plausible. It's both pathetic and hilarious that the Justice Department was immediately forced to deny the story. I for one wouldn't want a Supreme Court justice who would recommend otherwise. But I'm happy enough to see the administration's nominee skewered on its own extremism.

An area of questioning that is more urgent in Ginsburg's case than in Bork's is so-called "economic liberties." Ginsburg is a strong opponent of most forms of government regulation, such as environmental rules. Does he believe—as a Supreme Court majority did until 50 years ago and as many conservatives, led by Ginsburg's former teachers at the University of Chicago Law School, believe today—that the Constitution actually forbids many forms of economic regulation? That is, is he not a judicial restrainer but a conservative judicial activist?

The second new rule is that there's no rush. Central to White House strategy is the attempt to make it seem like cheating if Senate Democrats and liberal groups take the time to learn about this unknown quantity who will be making law for two generations. Accusations that "delay" is part of "a political campaign" come oddly from an administration that claims to be carrying the banner of democracy and majority rule into the judicial battlefield.

The third rule is for Democrats and liberals: don't be jerks. Making a big deal about some penny-ante alleged conflict of interest involving the nominee's investments in a Canadian cable-TV company justifiably gives the impression that this is opposition for its own sake. Another red herring is Ginsburg's youth. Like Reagan's age, this is an issue good liberals would never take up except for cynical reasons.

On the other hand, don't be suckers, either. The administration's most cynical calculation—really an insult—was to nominate a Jew on the grounds that this would disarm many Jewish liberals who led the battle against Bork. It seems to be working. Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz, best known as a criminal rights zealot, promises that we'll all be surprised by the socially liberal views of this "brilliant academic." Fine, but where's the evidence? Let's see how Ginsburg does under cross-examination.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

Woodward's fleeting mention of North's testimony did not answer the question. It merely makes the point that on the ambiguous evidence of the hospital interview with Casey, Woodward wrote a story of Casey's involvement in the diversion. I don't doubt that. But why can we (and Woodward) be certain now of Casey's involvement? The answer to this question that Wallace didn't ask is, because of North's testimony.

FEIGNED-HEARTED DOVES

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke grudgingly concedes that some Democrats are talking tougher on foreign policy ("Too Good For This World," October 26), but then complains that they are insufficiently admiring of Ronald Reagan's hard line. What does he think the Democratic Party should stand for on foreign policy? No one writes columns lecturing Republican candidates on the need for arms control and human rights. It sounds as if Mr. Kondracke wants a Democrat who supports the entire Reagan foreign-policy agenda, from SDI to *contra* aid. Voters who demand such a candidate will vote Republican no matter what the Democrats do. There is no way the Democrats can outhawk the Republicans, and they shouldn't try.

RON HENRY
Madison, Wisconsin

THE KENNEDY LESSON

To the editors:

Underneath the splenetic adjectives describing Edward Kennedy—"lackluster," "shallow," "overfed," "dewlapped"—lies the charges that Kennedy "in 25 years in the Senate has shown no signs of growth" ("Hamalot" by Henry Fairlie, October 19). Mr. Fairlie does not tell us what he means by growth, but he seems to suggest that if Kennedy had grown he would have abandoned his concern with civil rights and the condition of the poor, and embraced the fashionable realism of TNR. In foreign policy Kennedy hasn't "grown" because he believes in disarmament and doesn't think we can promote peace in Nicaragua by funding the *contras*. There is a "tragedy" implied in this article. It's the tragedy of a magazine that once fought for ideals and now assumes that realpolitik is a sign of maturity.

CARL DENNIS
Buffalo, New York

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Plastics

THE NEWS THAT the stock market's first fatality occurred in Florida hardly came as a surprise. Anywhere else in the country Arthur Kane might have been required to do more than sign his MasterCard chit before procuring the .357 Magnum he used to knock off his broker. It's a wonder there wasn't a representative of the National Rifle Association at his side to help him pull the trigger. I learned to fear Florida the hard way. I lived there. A few months before Donna Rice boiled over into the headlines, I was working at the *Miami Herald*. One night I was eating dinner in an outdoor café when a car screeched around the corner and someone fired a round of ammo into the restaurant. No one was hurt, and everyone else went back to eating, but I kept shaking until my tortellini got cold. The very next night I was in a car struck by a brick hurled from the side of the highway. We spun out of control at 50 mph. If the brick had hit two inches higher I would have been picking out a new face. Police termed the event an "attempted mugging." The next night's entertainment was a street fight. Traffic ground to a halt for four minutes while four hoodlums whipped chains at one another in the center of a major intersection. Onlookers rooted for their favorites like fans at a professional wrestling match. Twenty yards away a traffic cop went blithely about his business. No one ran to him for help. From the second-story bar where I watched agape, I saw one man pummel the other in the face, then jump on his bicycle and pedal off unmolested. I ordered another drink.

WHEN I TOLD native Floridians about this bizarre chain of events, they laughed. "It's just you," they said. "Your fear attracts violent people like dogs to a scent." Repulsive imagery aside, I was appalled by their coolness in the face of danger. But soon I realized such calm was merely a symptom of the giddy denial accompanying terror. Authorities say that Florida's one-month-old gun-carrying law, which enables any non-felon to plunk down $146 and walk away with a three-year concealed-weapon license, will boost the state's gun-toting citizenry from 16,000 to 140,000 in 12 months. Does anybody dare visit the place? Used to be Florida was the land of orange juice and pensioneers. Soon the official bird will be skeet.

OF COURSE, the NRA doesn't restrict its charity work to Florida. If the powerful lobby continues to get its way, we may need just one word to describe the future in this country: plastics. Production of plastic firearms is just a year away, while security devices to detect these weapons are non-existent. Naturally, the NRA is behind the insane campaign to put a piece of plastic in every hand. Last month it persuaded Attorney General Ed Meese to scrap a proposal to ban the manufacture of plastic pistols. I break out in a rash at the thought of anything more physically threatening than Scrabble. But then, I grew up in one of those old-fashioned, mushy households where you weren't allowed to play with plastic guns even before they could really kill people.

STEVEN BIKO WAS killed in a South African prison ten years ago last month. His death is commemorated in a new movie, *Cry Freedom*, directed by Sir Richard Attenborough. The real-life counterpart of the film's main character was in the audience at the screening I attended. Wait, how can that be, you wonder. Biko's dead, so what was he doing at a press preview? Actually *Cry Freedom* is not about Biko so much as it is about the white liberal journalist who wrote his biography, Donald Woods. Woods's escape from South Africa constitutes half the film, while Biko's plight is reduced to the pinprick of conscience it provided to convert Woods to The Cause. *Cry Freedom* is one in a growing genre of manipulative, voyeuristic films (*The Killing Fields*, *Under Fire*, and *Deadline* are others) that attempt to promote enlightenment about alien cultures while in reality celebrating the audience's ability to care. There is a self-indulgence to these journalist-centric stories, both because the scripts are usually autobiographical and because they pander to audiences' reflexive resistance to being drawn into remote conflicts unless they can play the part of saviors. The result, masquerading as pious concern, is actually watered-down imperialism. For Sir Richard, the need to play up the accessible white liberal's role was a box-office imperative, necessary for the film to go beyond "the purely black-oriented subject" of Biko, as he told the *New York Times* last week. But the film's message is openly radical. Couldn't the filmmakers have had the guts to rise above their own form of colorization and stuck to the story of the historically significant character?

READERS OF TNR must have a pretty poor image of Canada, my childhood home and native land. The only time it gets mentioned in these pages it's as a source of laughs. Last year TRB held a most-boring-headline contest after reading a doozy in the *New York Times* alerting people to a "Worthwhile Canadian Initiative." For him, the very word "Canada" sets off snooze alarms. Let me rise to the occasion and assert that outsiders have no idea how really boring Canada can be. Especially its national politics. No longer content to remain a dutiful yet extraneous part of Americans' lives, its leaders in recent years have actively strained to lower our attention spans by the sheer magnitude of their dullness. The big scandal two years ago, which led to the resignation of a Cabinet minister, involved a shipment of rancid (not even poisonous) tuna. And Canada just got duller. Former Quebec premier René Lévesque, the only colorful political figure to emerge since the founding of the dominion, died of a heart attack on November 1. Lévesque was a demagogue, yet with a wonderfully euphemistic style ("My opponent is sort of, kind of, totally fascistic"). He once ran over someone while driving drunk with his mistress. But voters tired of his interesting ways, and he faded from view about the same time as Tunagate.

A WEEK BEFORE the stock market crash a friend showed me an invitation to a multiple sclerosis benefit in Washington hosted by a group of hotshots identified only as the "Young Movers and Shakers." That did it. The fact that in their self-obsession these *uber*-achievers would miss the tasteless pun here is reason enough for the satisfaction people are taking in the thought of their comeuppance.

A. Z. P.

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